★ Jan. 13, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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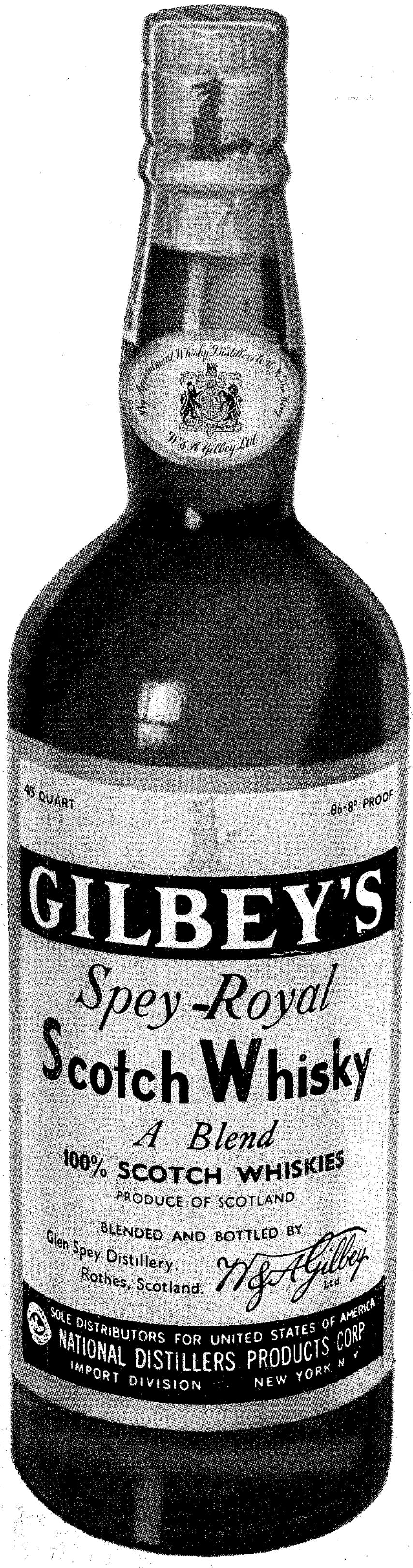
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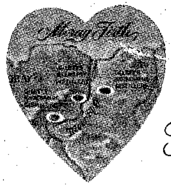
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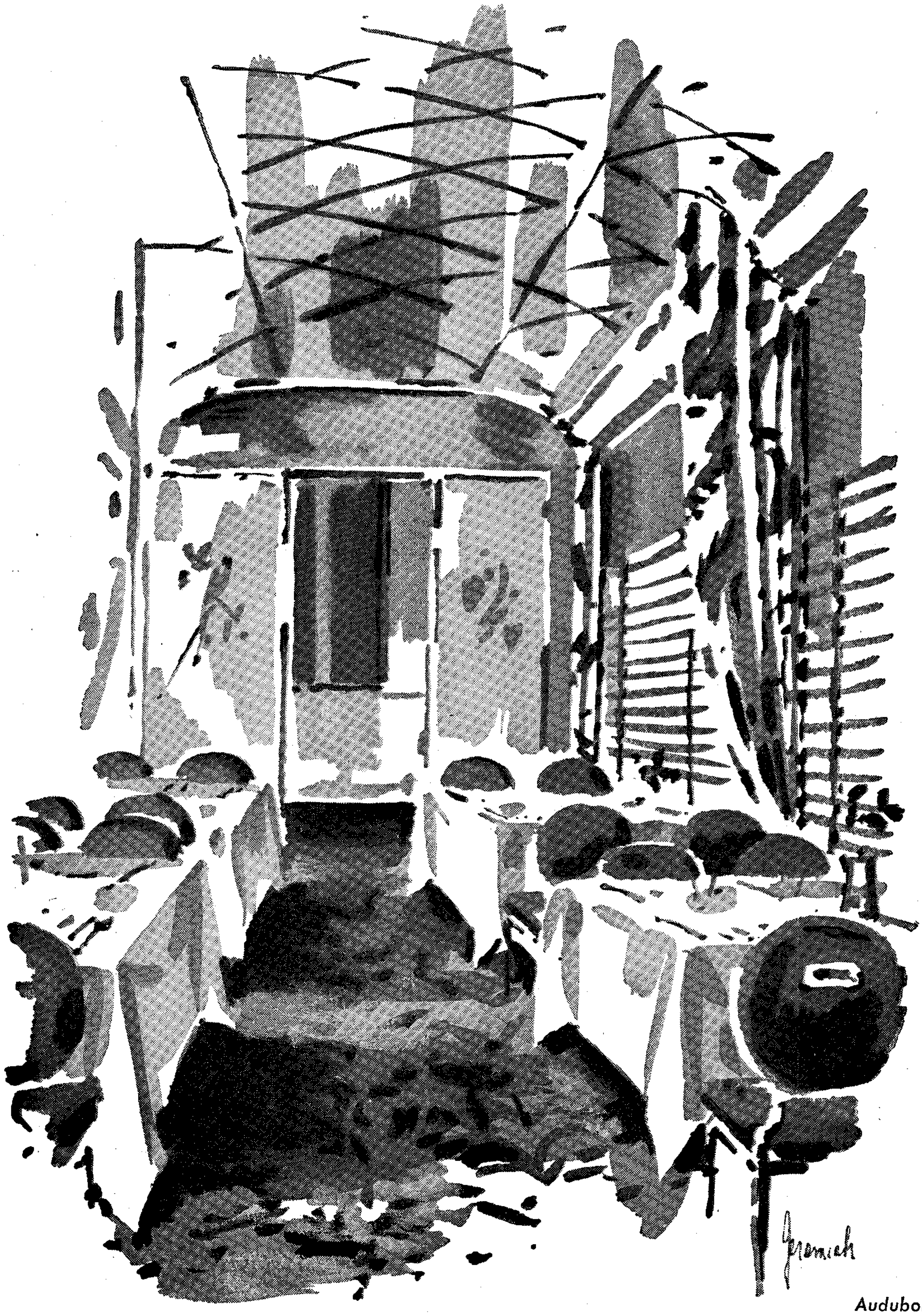

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Love in Washington, D.C., from the viewpoint of a Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, who, in his first play in English, manages to sound a good deal like American playwrights on the same subject. Celeste Holm, gay and handsome, heads a cast that includes Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bell, Book and Candle—Lilli Palmer makes an appealing amateur sorceress and Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer in John van Druten's first-rate comedy about thaumaturgy in Manhattan. Scott McKay, Jean Adair, and Larry Gates are also mixed up in the magic. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Chiffon—A mighty slender British exercise in psychiatry, played for more than it is worth by Flora Robson and the other members of a mighty strong British cast. (48th St. Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 13.)

The Country Girl—Uta Hagen gives a magnificent performance in Clifford Odets' rather uneven play concerning a drunken actor and his long-suffering wife. Paul Kelly is highly satisfactory in the other leading role, and Steven Hill, Louis Veda Quince, and Joseph Sullivan provide competent support. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

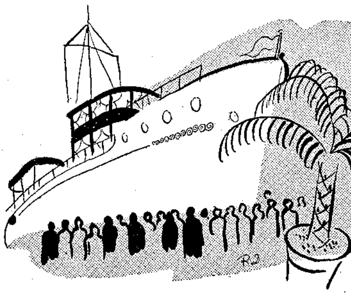
An Enemy of the People—Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in a revival of Ibsen's dated play about a man who couldn't be corrupted. Arthur Miller did the adaptation, and the cast includes Morris Carnovsky, Art Smith, Martin Brooks, and Ralph Dunn. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King Lear—Louis Calhern plays the mad king in this elaborate revival of Shakespeare's tragedy. John Houseman is the director; Ralph Alswang designed the scenery; there is some incidental music by Marc Blitzstein; and the company includes Arnold Moss, Norman Lloyd, Edith Atwater, Wesley Addy, Martin Gabel, and Nina Foch. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Lady's Not for Burning—Christopher Fry's comedy about a man who wants to be executed and a girl who doesn't offers some praiseworthy verse and some that is just soporific. John Gielgud and Pamela Brown are very fine in the leading roles. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Equity Welfare Fund, Sunday evening, Jan. 14.)

New York City Theatre Company—"The Royal Family" by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, the second in a series of three plays to be presented by the company. With Ruth Hussey, J. Edward Bromberg, Ethel Griffies, Peggy Ann Garner, and John Emery. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 21.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its enthusiasts. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, and there is some appealing incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Ring Round the Moon—Jean Anouilh's comedy, as translated by Christopher Fry, is as shapeless as a haystack but it contains a lot of hilarious moments. Gilbert Miller has arranged a striking production, and Lucile Watson, Stella Andrew, Georgina Cookson, Oscar Karlweis, and Denholm Elliott are all very charming in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Season in the Sun—A comedy, and a good one, written by Wolcott Gibbs and based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in *The New Yorker*. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Second Threshold—This posthumous work by Philip Barry, somewhat edited by Robert E. Sherwood, has to do with a man who has come to the end of his rope, and it exhibits most of Mr. Barry's qualities as a playwright, both good and bad. Clive Brook is superb as the man, and there are competent supporting performances by Margaret Phillips, Hugh Reilly, and Betsy von Furstenberg. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Twentieth Century—José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson head the cast in this revival of Hecht and MacArthur's enormously funny comedy about some queer doings on a famous train. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the cocktail party:** T. S. Eliot's play about an unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients. Now with Henry Daniell. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the happy time:** A portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the member of the wedding:** Carson McCullers' novel dealing with a lonely adolescent, turned into a play with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The House of Bernarda Alba—A play by Federico García Lorca, with an all-female cast headed by Katina Paxinou, Helen Craig, and Ruth Ford. The fourth in a series of subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Tuesday, at 8:45. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:45. Closes Saturday, Jan. 20. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call LU 2-0880.)

MUSICALS

Bless You All—Arnold Auerbach wrote the sketches, Harold Rome did the music and lyrics, and Helen Tamiris handled the choreography for this revue, which is good about half the time. The cast, directed by John C. Wilson, includes Mary McCarty, Jules Munshin, and Pearl Bailey. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the admirable songs; George Abbott is the director; and in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guys and Dolls—One of the fastest, toughest, and funniest musical comedies you ever saw has been assembled by Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, who based their story on one by Damon Runyon. Frank Loesser wrote the delightful music and lyrics, Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are just right in the leading roles. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches, and the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Out of This World—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this musical about Jupiter and his amorous carryings on in modern Greece, but, except for Lemuel Ayers' stylish sets and costumes and a fine comic performance by Charlotte Greenwood, the evening is pretty much of a disappointment. With David Burns, William Eythe, Priscilla Gillette, and William Redfield. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**gentlemen prefer blondes:** Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw,

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 54
BOOKS 69
THE CURRENT CINEMA 53
LETTER FROM LONDON 44
MUSICAL EVENTS 64
OF ALL THINGS 63
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 56
ABOUT THE HOUSE 60
THE THEATRE 41

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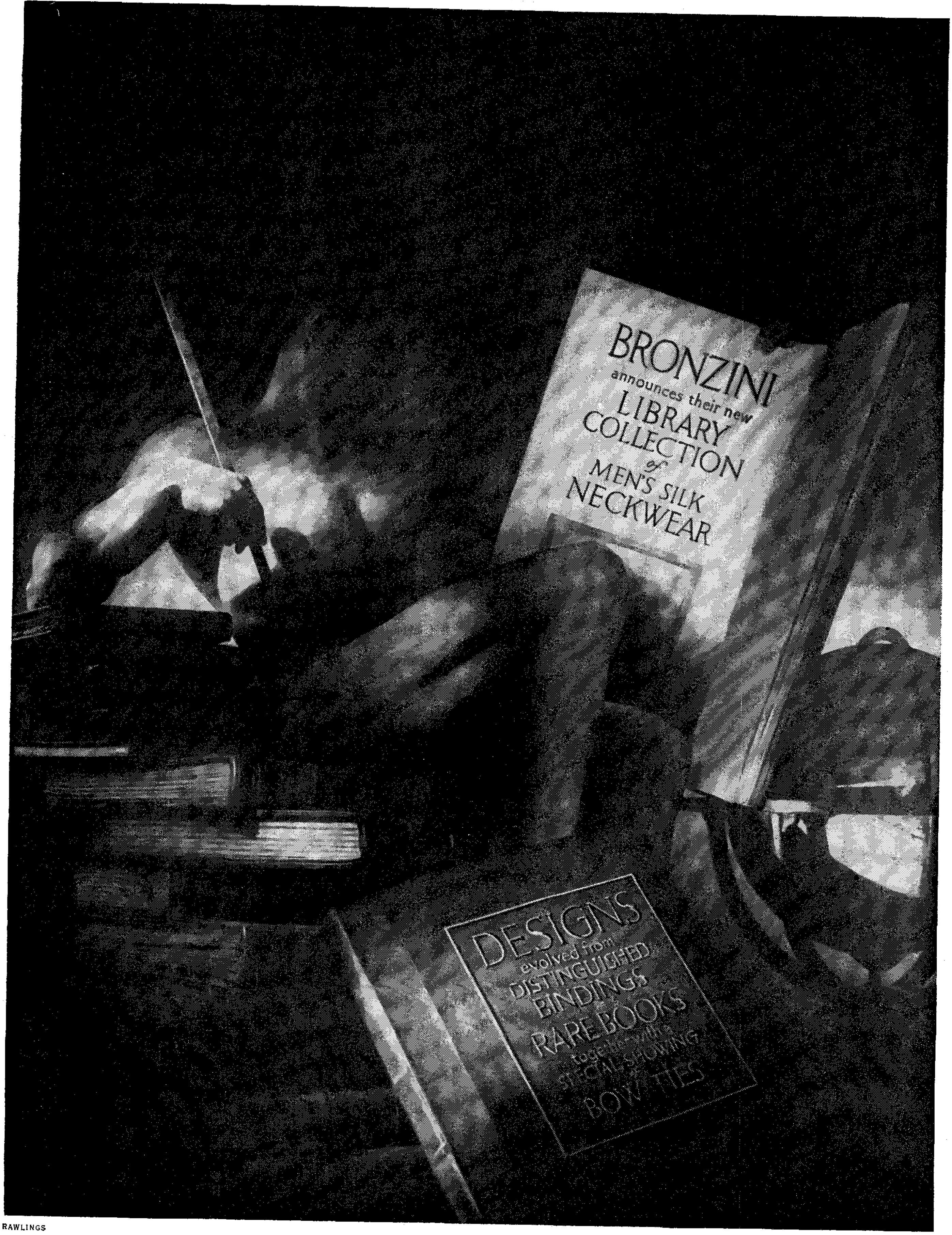

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RAWLINGS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott now have the leads in this Cole Porter show. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Ray Middleton is currently playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

DARKNESS AT NOON—Claude Rains in a play by Sidney Kingsley, adapted from the novel by Arthur Koestler. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by Mr. Kingsley. Opens Saturday, Jan. 13. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FOUR TWELVES ARE 48—A comedy by Joseph Kesselring, with Anne Revere, Ernest Truex, and Hiram Sherman. Produced by Aldrich & Myers, and directed by Otto Preminger. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 17. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ANGEL IN THE PAWNSHOP—Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken in a comedy by A. B. Shiffrin. Produced by Mr. Dowling and Anthony B. Farrell, and staged by John Larson. Opens Thursday, Jan. 18. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

ARMS AND THE MAN—A theatre-in-the-round production of Shaw's play, with Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

SONJA HENIE—Heading her annual ice revue, which opens Friday, Jan. 19. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, except Sundays and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays, Jan. 21 and Feb. 4, at 2:30. Closes Wednesday, Feb. 7.)

PEARL PRIMUS—With her company, in a dance recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, at dinner and supper, except Sundays, Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras play gently for dancing.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Mischa Raginsky's orchestra operates during dinner in the Madison Room and for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing in either place, and all quiet Sundays.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—The grandeur that was Rome, set to the festive music of Ted Straeter's dance band and the nostalgic strains of Gogi's choir of parading violinists. A black tie is basic on Friday nights. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—By now a metropolitan institution, like sinusitis. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has an ice show twice a night. Alice Farrar is the most eye-catching bit of equipment and Carol Lynne the most stately. Dance music by Ray Robbins' and Peter Kent's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

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PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Denise Darcel, a bit of fun from France, carols knowingly in the Cotillion Room at dinner and supper. Sundays there's just a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all. Stanley Melba's orchestra, as usual, functions for dancing, helped out by a rumba band. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's dance orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, where Page Morton sings to her own piano accompaniment.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—During dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Kyle MacDonnell sings and the Beatrice Kraft dancers— well, dance. On Thursday, Jan. 18, Herb Shriner, rustic humorist, takes over. Mark Monte's Continentals are on the bandstand, along with Dick La Salle's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, an elegant splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra muses in the splendid old Oval Room all through dinner, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo, the Grand Old Man of Madison Avenue, is playing in the Grill at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, home from her tour around the world, is warbling once more at dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras thump merrily away all evening. Les Crosley is still Miss Wilson's faithful accompanist. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, another of those halls with a Diplomatic Corps atmosphere, has some of Lester Lanin's men (to be replaced on Monday, Jan. 15, by Hugo Pedell's band) as well as Jan Brunesco's gypsy ensemble playing dance music during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Frankie Carle's band is in the Café Rouge to make dance music at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—For children with a permanent surplus of the Halloween spirit. Suzy Mulligan sings and Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band provide music to dance to.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Florence Desmond does her wonderful blueprints of Bankhead and Hildegarde, mixed in with some less effective byplay. Teresa Brewer is one of those determined girls-who-sing-with-a-band. Emile Petti and his orchestra alternate with Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at dinner and supper, there are Nelle Fisher and Jerry Ross, who dance, and the songs of the Continentals. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands, both a trifle blustery, play for dancing. Everybody shows up at both dinner and supper except Sundays, when Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at midnight. . . . ¶ The Flamingo Room has Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The enormous and rather placid Rainbow Room is open for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine, and is closed Sundays. Go early enough to get one of the north-window tables, from which New York really looks like Bagdad-on-the-Hudson. The phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's crisp mood music at dinner and supper in this opulent retreat. Sam Hamilton takes over on Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, a walking *Who's Who on Park Avenue*, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a busy collection of table-hoppers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Except Mondays, Nancy Reed is at the piano during dinner and supper. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing by both cast and customers. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of the hyperthyroid school of décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Louis Hawkins, a romantic pianist and young-man-about-town with a casual talent for amusing, has a cocktail party, a dinner party, and a supper party going on every night but Monday in this reminder of old New Orleans, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant. . . . **CÉLESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): After the theatre, Portia Nelson, draped against Bart Howard's piano, is sometimes lovelorn, sometimes elfin, and always lyric. Jim Mahoney is at the piano at dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, the Latin Eddie Condon, treats his dinner and supper guests to some deft guitar, song, dance, banter, and folk music. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Through Wednesday, Jan. 17, there'll be Danny Thomas, an unmitigated delight in his special dialectician fashion. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500): Quite a bit of tourist bait and very little elbowroom. Joe Howard, a nineteenth-century landmark, sings, and dozens of other old-timers, including W. C. Handy, the Saxon Sisters, and Billy Banks, cavort. Noble Sissle is in charge of the dance music. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Gay Nineties melodrama, and silent movies embellished by Paul Killiam's pun-haunted commentary. Singing waiters, singing guests, the parody ballads of Clara Cedrone and Bill Meigs, and other basket-party atmosphere. Closed Sundays. . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josephine Premice, a tall

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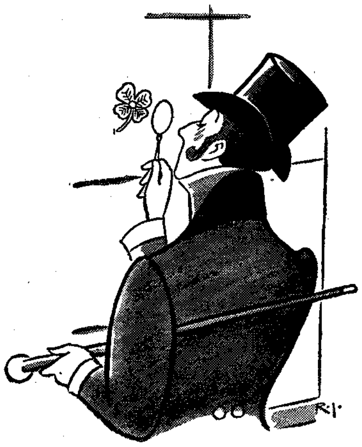

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the *lounge, a brilliant group of musicians*—Ralph Strain, except Mondays, at the piano during cocktails and dinner; Eadie and Rack doing their unique piano duets after the theatre, except Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the back room, every night, the resplendent Pearl Bailey, mistress of all she surveys. Also around are Paula Drake and Wally Cox, two off-the-beaten-path humorists, and the bustling music of the Page Cavanaugh Trio. On Monday, Jan. 15, Tony and Eddie, those transvestite romps, replace Mr. Cox. Stuart Ross is at the piano, and Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronny Graham, the pleasantest *Dracula you'd ever want to meet, singing his* ballads about who knows what; Bibi Osterwald, a rollicking hoot owl; and the Three Riffs, those merry lampooners. The music is by Julius Monk and the virtuoso Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Richard Dyer-Bennet presents his far-ranging and unique collection of minstrel music, and Royce Wallace sings down-to-earth ballads. Clarence Williams, Karl Lynch, and others make dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP *7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold* Fonville, headmasters of this Village academy, are breaking in, as they often do, some dewy-behind-the-ears talent. Hazel Webster, an alumna, is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's portfolio of songs on the what-good-is-love theme. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A lofty bird cage in which Spivy now and again recites her conversation pieces about the penthouse set. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL *9-3477): Two blithe spirits* at work—Laurie Brewis, whose piano begins around nine-thirty, and Jo Hurt, whose antics begin around eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, proprietor of this Moorish mosque, sings febrilely, Norene Tate sings longingly, Alice Ghostley sings sardonically, and Joan Shaw sings bluely. Reginald Bean is at the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (CI 7-7440): Pat Rainey, a statuesque Juno with a casually *gamine* mood and songs to match, carols every evening but Monday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The trumpet call of Wild Bill Davison, straight from the Wild Blue Yonder. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon help him rattle the cutlery, and Ralph Sutton tears off some exceptional piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, thinking out loud about their pet pastime. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. *(JU 6-1368): Dizzy Gillespie's sextet,* Lester Young's quintet, and Dinah Washington's busy vocal cords. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night hoedowns. On Jan. 12, uproar by Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Buster Bailey, Bud Freeman, Joe Sullivan, James P. Johnson, and George Wettling. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night carnage. This week (Jan. 12), Big Sid Catlett, Red Allen, Munn Ware, and Sol Yaged are the ringleaders. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURE AND CUBISM—Early paintings by Braque, Picasso, Léger, Severini, and others, plus a handsome selection of African sculptures of the sort that influenced these artists so strongly. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; through Jan. 13.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—City scenes, for the most part, with considerable quiet awareness beneath a naïve manner. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Jan. 19.)

RENATO BIROLLI—Paintings of the Adriatic, done in flickering blues and in a style that makes good use of simplification, by a young Italian until now never shown in this country. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; *through Jan. 27.*)

MARIO CARREÑO—New oils by one of the more *perceptive of the modern Cuban artists.* (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Jan. 27.)

A CENTURY OF THE AMERICAN RAILROAD—Some charming old paintings, as well as a number *of prints, posters, ancient timetables, and* other memorabilia. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Jan. 13.)

CLIMAX, 1913—Paintings and a few sculptures, all dated around 1913, by such early moderns as Mondrian, Braque, Picasso, Malevitch, and Archipenko. A generally enlightening study of the state of art in that era. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

JOSEPH CORNELL—A new set of his constructions, made from boxes, bits of broken glass, maps, trapezes, and other oddments. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 13.)

SALVADOR DALI—A large Madonna, plus some smaller works, all technically impeccable, as always, but the products of an inspiration that is now a little jaded. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

DRAWINGS—A large and carefully selected exhibition, spanning the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries, with a number of rarities that are certain to delight amateurs in this field. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; *through Feb. 10.*)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB—New paintings, less strict in pattern and more colorful than formerly, by an artist who bases his abstractions on Indian *motifs.* (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Jan. 22.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through Jan. 13. . . . **PINACOTHECA**, 40 E. 68th St.: Oils and other works, most of them never before exhibited in this country, by such moderns as Picabia, Arp, Vantongerloo, and Morgan Russell. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through Jan. 20.

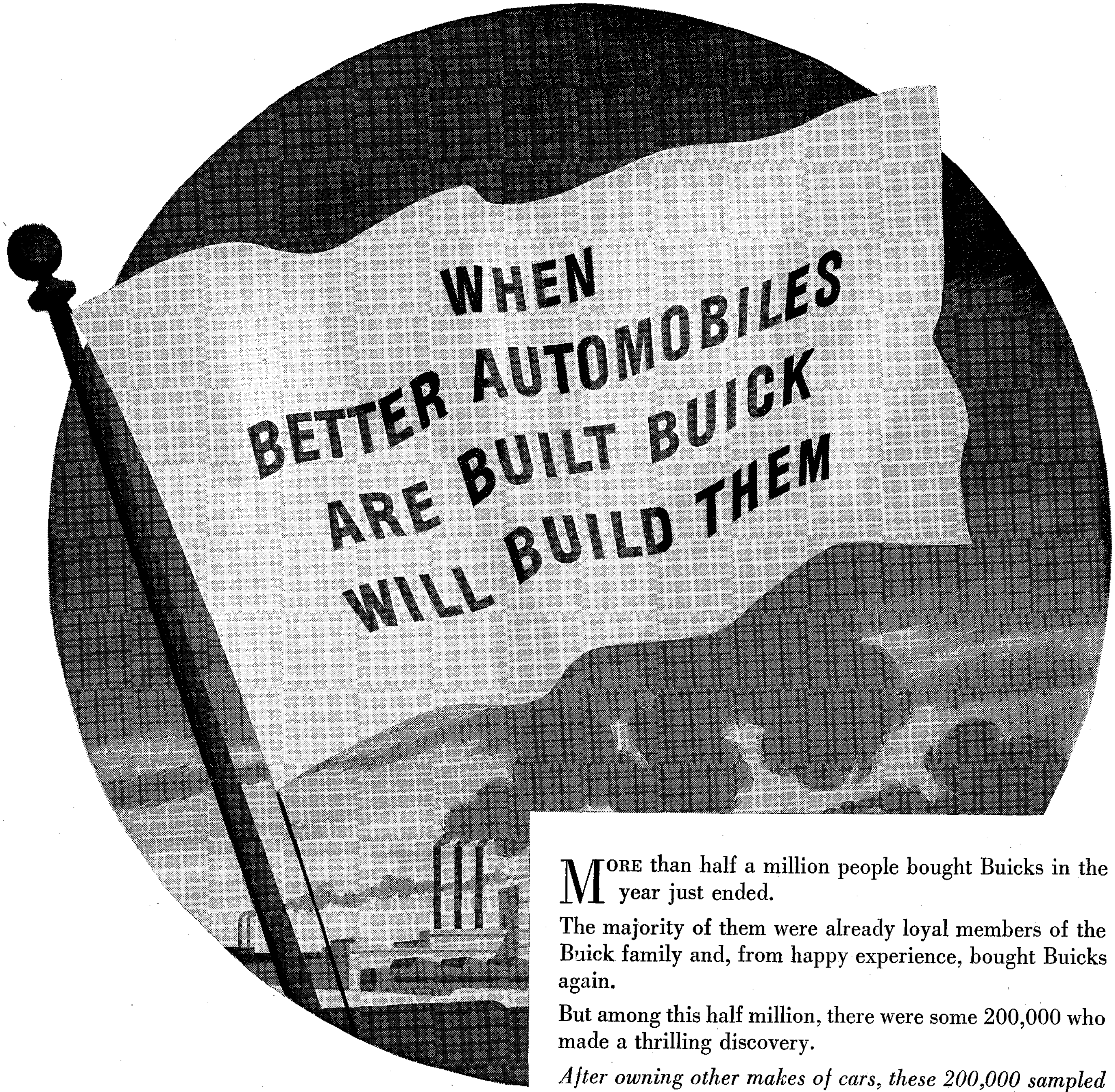
LUIGI LUCIONI—Paintings, 1925 to the present, showing his progress (if such it is) from an early Impressionism to the glassiest sort of representationalism. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Jan. 20.)

JOHN MARIN—A new crop of oils and water colors, about equally divided between seascapes and landscapes, by the acknowledged dean of American artists. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Jan. 27.)

MODERN FRENCH—At the **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Small paintings, most of them within the price range of the beginning collector, by Léger, Villon, Gromaire, and other contemporaries; through Jan. 13. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Braque, Utrillo, Bombois, and others; through Jan. 31.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Work by candidates for the Institute's 1951 art grants, among them Paul Cadmus, Milton Hebald, Edward Chavez, and Aaron Bohrod. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, 2 to 5; through Jan. 14.)

ALICE NEEL—Portrait studies and other subjects, bold in style, if at times a little crude in ex-



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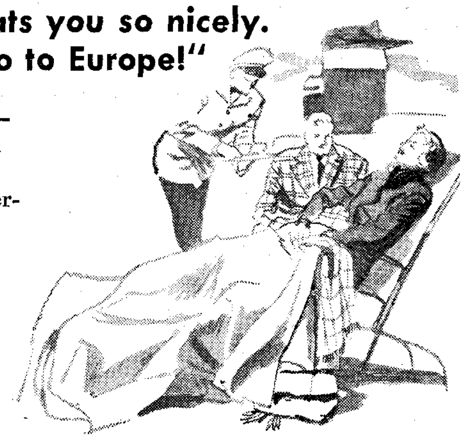

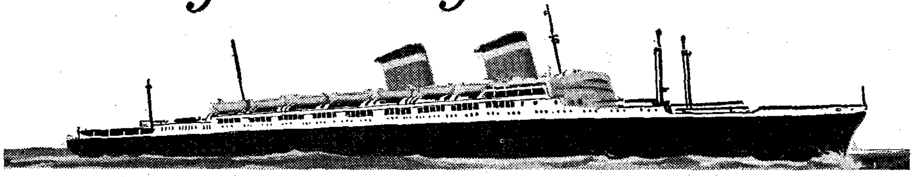

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ecution. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 13.)

Sculpture—A large and well-selected collection, tracing the steps from Rodin to such later men as Lehmbruck, Calder, and Henry Moore. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 13.)

Charles Seliger—New abstractions, anatomizing, with a kind of Japanese delicacy, the structure of leaves, flies, fish, flowers, and so on. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

Pavel Tchelitchew—A set of abstract drawings of human heads, done with geometric exactitude and almost unbelievable precision of line, in this artist's first showing in several years. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **knoedler,** 14 E. 57th St.: Impressionists and post-Impressionists; through Jan. 27. For the benefit of the New York Heart Association. . . . **matisse,** 41 E. 57th St.: Jean Dubuffet; through Feb. 3. . . . **midtown,** 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Group show of contemporary Americans; through Feb. 3. . . . **milch,** 55 E. 57th St.: Walter Philipp; through Jan. 27. . . . **museum of natural history,** Central Park W. at 79th St.: Sculptors Guild. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 4. . . . **new art circle,** 41 E. 57th St.: Group show of contemporary Americans; through Feb. 3. . . . **parsons,** 15 E. 57th St.: Theodoros Stamos; through Jan. 27.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Italy at Work," a large collection of furniture, metalwork, glass, machinery, jewelry, and ceramics, as well as model interiors for a theatre lobby, a chapel, and a dining room, all intended to illustrate the progress of contemporary Italian design. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Jan. 31.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show selected by a national jury and called "American Painting Today—1950," in which more than three hundred artists are represented; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Bronze sculptures, ancient and modern, from the permanent collection; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ An exhibition of fifteenth- through nineteenth-century European porcelains and pottery, recently given to the Museum by R. Thornton Wilson; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, including political cartoons, a couple of portraits, and many versions of the Gibson Girl. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through March 31.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition demonstrating the use of good modern design in furniture and other household articles. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Jan. 28.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A group show by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay and Josef Albers, as well as by some Germans as yet little known here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Jan. 31.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A memorial showing of ninety-four paintings and other works, ranging in date from 1922 through 1948, by Arshile Gorky. (Daily, 1 to 5; through Feb. 18.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Helen Traubel, Risë Stevens, Erna Berger, and Fritz Krenn. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:30: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Astrid Varnay, Jean Madeira, Hans Hotter, and Charles Kullman. . . .

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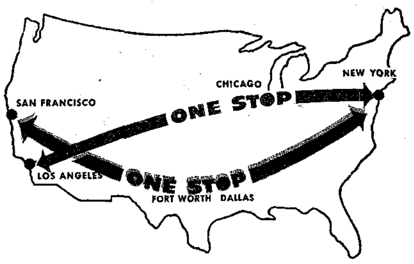

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Ljuba Welitch, Patrice Munsel, Brian Sullivan, and Eugene Conley. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Faust," with Nadine Conner, Richard Tucker, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera. (A benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization of America; for tickets, call AL 5-5130.) . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 15, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Ljuba Welitch, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and Eugene Conley. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Helen Traubel, Jarmila Novotna, Fritz Krenn, and Kurt Baum. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Martha Lipton, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Leonard Warren, and Thomas Hayward. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Erna Berger, Herta Glaz, Eugene Conley, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 19, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Regina Resnik, Martha Lipton, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Leonard Warren, and Thomas Hayward. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2: "Fledermaus," with Marguerite Piazza, Patrice Munsel, Risë Stevens, Charles Kullman, and Richard Tucker. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 12, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2:45 (with Rudolf Firkusny, piano) . . . . ¶ Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 19, at 2:30; and Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:45 (opening concerts of a Brahms cycle, all with Zino Francescatti, violin).

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall—Serge Koussevitzky conducting: Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting: Sunday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Paul Paray conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Münch conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8:45, and Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

BACH FESTIVAL—The Bach Aria Group, William H. Scheide, director, and the Saidenberg Little Symphony, Daniel Saidenberg conducting, in the last of a series of four programs. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

DON COSSACK CHORUS—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8:40.)

EUGENE ISTOMIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

LEOPOLD TERASPULSKY—Cello. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

MYRA HESS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 3.)

BERNARDO SEGÀLL—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

SADIE KNIGHT—Soprano. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 3.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 5:30.)

ROBERT GOLDSAND—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

MUSICIANS' GUILD—Lillian Fuchs, viola; Leonard

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rose, cello; Frank Sheridan, piano; and the Kroll Quartet. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Mannes-Gimpel-Silva Trio—Piano, violin, and cello. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Kirsten Flagstad—Soprano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Alexander Borovsky—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Artur Schnabel—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Note—Webster Aitken will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2:55. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 16, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

Boxing—Ezzard Charles vs. Lee Oma, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 12. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Jan. 11: St. John's vs. Bradley, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Boston College. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 16: L.I.U. vs. Duquesne, and Manhattan College vs. DePaul. (Games begin at 7:45.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Baltimore. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:45. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 18: Knicks vs. Minneapolis, and Washington vs. Fort Wayne. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 7:15.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 14: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 17: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

Junior Theatre—"Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)

Marionettes—By the **Folktale Puppet Studio**: "Grandma's Little Gray Goat" and "Color Fantasies." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 11.) . . . **Sue Hastings Marionettes**: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and a revue. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 11 and 3.)

Miscellany—Oscar Brand in a program of songs, stories, and singing games, along with Sally Ray doing folk dances in costume. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance.)

Movies—Features and short subjects—Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St., GR 5-1660; Saturdays at 10. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Most committees and branches of the United Nations are more or less marking time. Prospective visitors to Lake Success are advised to consult their newspapers or to call either the United Nations itself (Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253) or the Information Center for the United Nations (JU 2-0233) before making plans.

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—The forty-first annual display of cruisers, sailboats, outboards, inboards, dinghies, marine hardware, and other boating gear. Among the innovations in this year's show will be two plastic cruisers, and a hundred-foot model marina (a sort of boat-servicing basin), in which about twenty small craft will float. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Friday, Jan. 12, from 7 to 11, and weekdays thereafter, from 11 to 11; through Saturday, Jan. 20.)

MANUSCRIPTS AND LETTERS—A display of the literary handiwork of members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, among them William Faulkner, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Mark Twain, and Eugene O'Neill. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, 2 to 5; through Jan. 14.)

COSTUMES—Twenty-one eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century costumes and accessories including a wedding dress and a wedding suit worn in 1766, a muff and tippet of 1810, a feather cape, fans, and shoe buckles, plus some furniture and silver. All the items belonged to the family of the eighteenth-century New York shipbuilder and merchant William Walton. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 21.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The January show is called "Riddles in the Sky," and deals with flying saucers, stars that change color, and other celestial phenomena. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—English, American, and French furniture dating from the eighteenth century; wax miniatures, among them portraits of Queen Victoria, Isaac Newton, and George Washington; and silver and porcelains. From the estate of the late Reverend Glenn Tilley Morse and from other sources. (Thursday and Friday, Jan. 11-12, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ French furniture, including Louis XV and Louis XVI pieces, and decorations, along with a collection of Louis Philippe transfer-printed glass bonbonnières, all owned by Charles Armour and another collector. (Exhibition Thursday and Friday, Jan. 11-12, from 10 to 5; auction Saturday, Jan. 13, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ French and English furniture, chiefly of the eighteenth century, and Italian Renaissance furniture, all the property of the late Mary S. Harkness. (Exhibition Saturday, Jan. 13, and Monday, Jan. 15, from 10 to 5, and Tuesday, Jan. 16, from 10 to 8; auction Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 18-20, at 1:45.)

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NOTE—Volunteers are needed in every department of civil-defense work. Twenty categories of assignment have been set up; a few require professional or technical skills, but most are open to anyone of stout heart, limb, and determination. Among the branches of service are the Auxiliary Police Corps, the Ground Observer Corps, the Fire Department Auxiliary Fire Corps, and the Auxiliary Communications Corps. Also, air wardens, hospital aides, radiation monitors, litter bearers, clerical workers, and messengers are required. In the near future, application centers will be functioning in every precinct police station and district firehouse, but at the moment the best idea is to apply, between 9 and 5, at one of the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7864), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 8-5900, Ext. 161), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (JErome 7-6241), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 7-1000, Ext. 32), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations are, of course, also urgently sought for the armed forces. To make an appointment, call the Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000.

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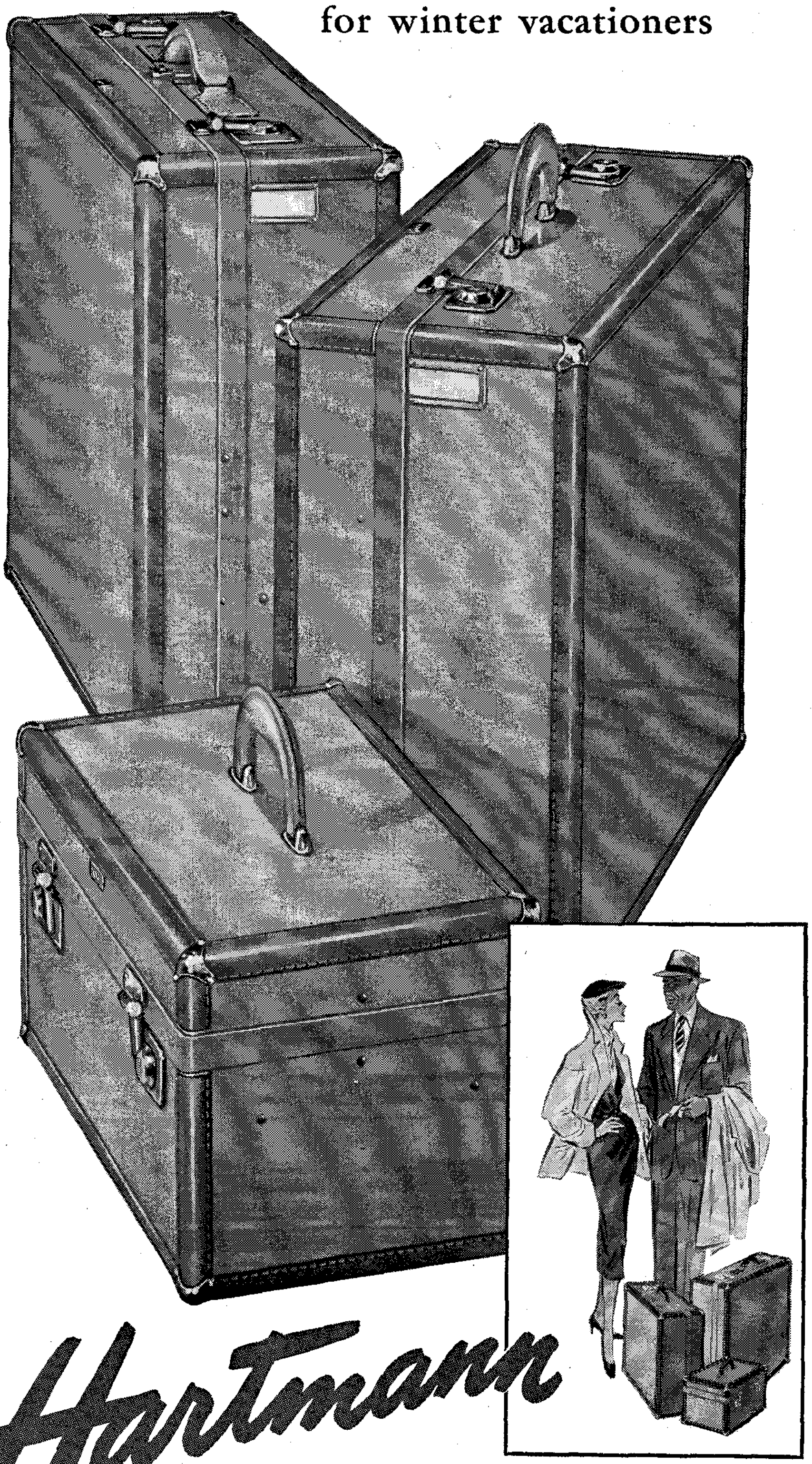

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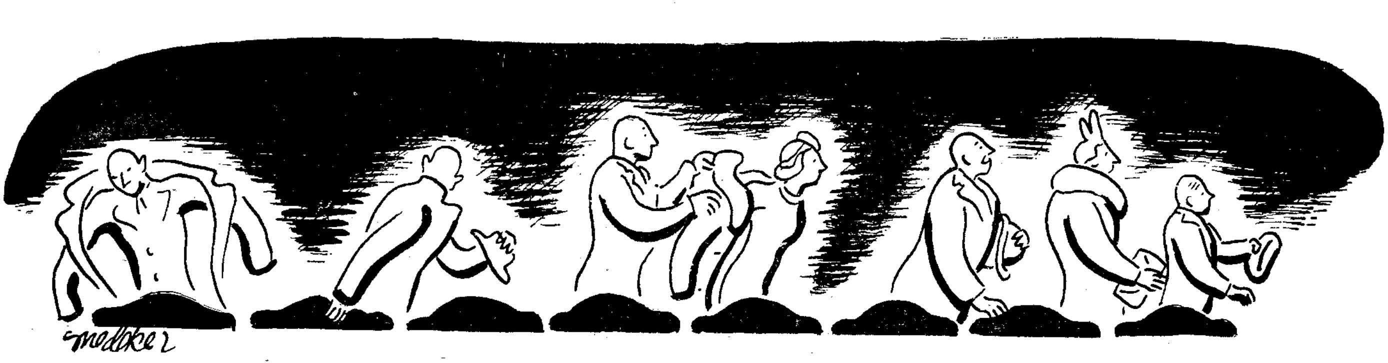

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—An account of how a young lady with sharp claws gets to the top on Broadway. A witty, sometimes exciting film, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, and distinguished by Bette Davis's capable performance as a middle-aged actress unsure of her lover, her career, and herself. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 17, tentative.)

The Asphalt Jungle—Jewel thieves involved in a caper in a Middle Western town. A picture distinguished by the direction of the astute John Huston and by the highly satisfactory performances of the actors, among them Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Jan. 16, tentative.)

Bitter Rice—Extravagantly lively ladies in the rice fields of the Po Valley. An Italian film, in which Silvana Mangano is outstanding as the most tempestuous of the harvesters. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Born Yesterday—Judy Holliday as a junkman's plaything who gets so smart in the hands of a tutor that she becomes an expert on democracy and kindred subjects, and says to hell with Daddy. A solid adaptation of the Garson Kanin comedy, skillfully enacted by Miss Holliday, Broderick Crawford, and William Holden. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—Rostand's old wheeze about the gallant fellow with the big nose, played to the foolish hilt by José Ferrer and a company of alleged Gascons and Parisians. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Halls of Montezuma—Marines at work in the Pacific. A better than average attempt to show what amphibious warfare is like. With Richard Widmark, Karl Malden, and Reginald Gardiner. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Harvey—The Mary Coyle Chase play about the dipsomaniac and the six-foot-four rabbit, faithfully and successfully translated to the screen. James Stewart plays the inebriate, and is abetted magnificently by Josephine Hull. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Jackpot—A funny film about a man who wins a huge assortment of stuff from one of those radio give-away shows and almost loses his mind trying to figure out how to pay income taxes on it. James Stewart is a big help here, too. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Jan. 14.)

King Solomon's Mines—An interpretation of the H. Rider Haggard novel, published back in 1886, that has in its favor some of the best documentary shots of African wildlife and scenery you ever laid eyes on. Moving to and fro more or less irrelevantly against views of the Dark Continent are Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and Richard Carlson. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 17.)

Last Holiday—An amiable confection by J. B. Priestley about a gentleman, doomed but lively, in an English seaside resort. Alec Guinness is the gentleman. A British film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 16.)

Macbeth—Orson Welles demonstrating what the noble and doomed Scotsman might have done if he had had at his disposal the facilities of Republic Pictures Corp. Outrageous but rather funny. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

The Mudlark—The tale of an urchin who bursts into Windsor Castle and makes Victoria stop brooding about the late Albert. Stiff as a board when dealing with royalty, the picture warms up considerably when it gets around to its young hero. Andrew Ray is fine as the small fry. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Orpheus—What might happen if a modern-dress Orpheus tried to follow the plot of the ancient legend, in the hope of rescuing his wife from a new-day Hell. A French film cooked up by Jean Cocteau, and full of original and often comic touches. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Seven Days to Noon—An English film that has as its central figure an atomic scientist who gets so fed up with his chores that he decides to blow up London if the British government doesn't stop making bombs. Not as suspenseful as it might have been had the scientist chosen a smaller target, but crowded with impressive evacuation scenes. Barry Jones plays the scientist, and has the support of Olive Sloane and Sheila Manahan. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Trio—Adaptations of some more Maugham stories. Not quite up to the previous group, which was called "Quartet," but handsomely acted by a cast that includes Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick. A British picture. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Ways of Love—Three short films by the French and Italian masters Renoir, Pagnol, and Rossellini. All of them are worth while, and Rossellini's contribution has the remarkable Anna Magnani in its leading role. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through Jan. 14.)

City Lights (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 14-15. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Jan. 16-17.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070; starting Jan. 13.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 14-15.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers mixed up with the musical world. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Jan. 16, tentative.)

Topper (1937)—You remember, the first of the Topper series. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, and Roland Young. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 11.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—A French-Italian film with Jean Gabin as an aging French fugitive having a final romantic fling in Genoa. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 16-17.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 14: "Mr. Trull Finds Out" (1940), with music by Gian-Carlo Menotti; and "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), with Frances Dee. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 15: "The Invisible Man" (1933), with Claude Rains. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HARVEY.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Grounds for Marriage," Van Johnson, Kathryn Grayson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Jan. 12: "Where Danger Lives," Robert Mitchum, Faith Domergue.
From Jan. 13: "Operation Disaster," John Mills.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Vendetta," Faith Domergue.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Manon" (in French), Cecile Aubry.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Jan. 12: "The Milkman," Jimmy Durante.
From Jan. 13: "The Sun Sets at Dawn," Sally Parr, Philip Shawn.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Jan. 17: "Kim," Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell, Paul Lukas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Branded," Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE MUDLARK.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
HALLS OF MONTEZUMA.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Jan. 12: "The Flying Missile," Glenn Ford, Viveca Lindfors.
From Jan. 13: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Jan. 11: "The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day.
From Jan. 12: "Dallas," Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BORN YESTERDAY.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

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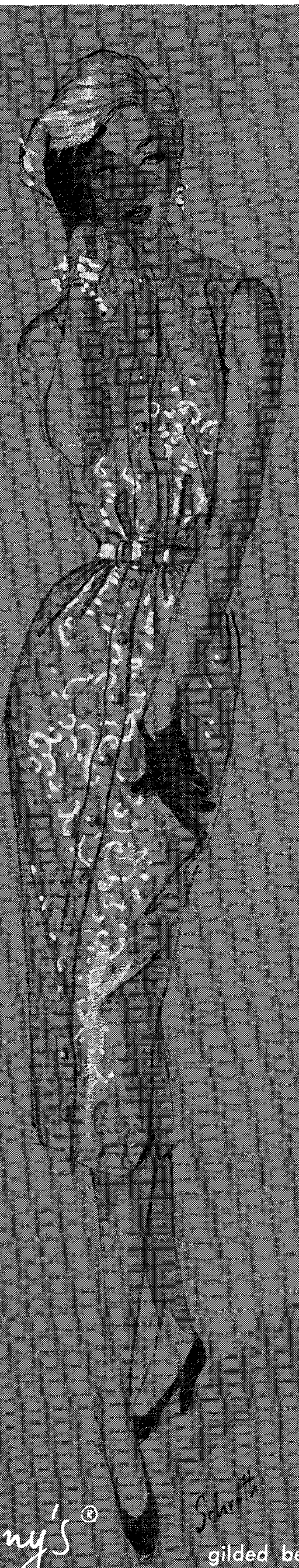

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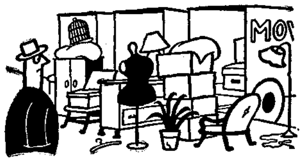
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AMBLING through Forty-seventh Street the other noon, we discovered the Carlton House of the Ritz in the act of being evacuated. Three vans were drawn up; stuff was piled high on the sidewalk. To our surprise, the goods and chattels of the Ritz seemed as mean and threadbare as do all other household furnishings when suddenly exposed to open air and daylight. Here was a thoroughly seedy bunch of stuff: old dress forms, beat-up coat hangers, cardboard filing cases shedding their skin, scaly chairs, twisted light cords—the sad accumulation of the rich cave dwellers of Forty-seventh Street. Of course, we've often observed how scabrous furniture appears when carried outdoors. But somehow we felt that the Ritz should be the exception to this rule—the Ritz should be capable of laying bare its interior to the noonday sun and have everything appear as pure, immaculate, and luxurious as on some enchanted evening indoors.

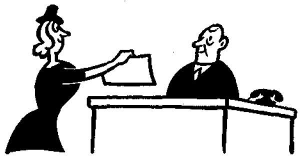


OUR Iron-Curtained contemporary, the Hungarian magazine *Szabad Száj*, has reprinted from this magazine a cartoon showing three scientists working in a laboratory, each chained to the floor. We had thought the drawing required no expository words, but the Hungarian editors thought otherwise. They headed it "Confessions," and captioned it "The American scientists continue their research work in close collaboration with the authorities. (From the 'New Yorker' 1950 March issue.)" The point of this verbiage, we gather, is that this magazine can be presumed to have given the world a glimpse of slave-labor conditions in America. The catch is that the presumption automatically negates itself. If it reveals that American scientists are tethered on chains, it reveals also that American journalists are not, that artists, editors, and publishers are free as woodland things. The public joke about chains, we suspect, is the token of liberty—and we wish all Hungarian magazines the same.

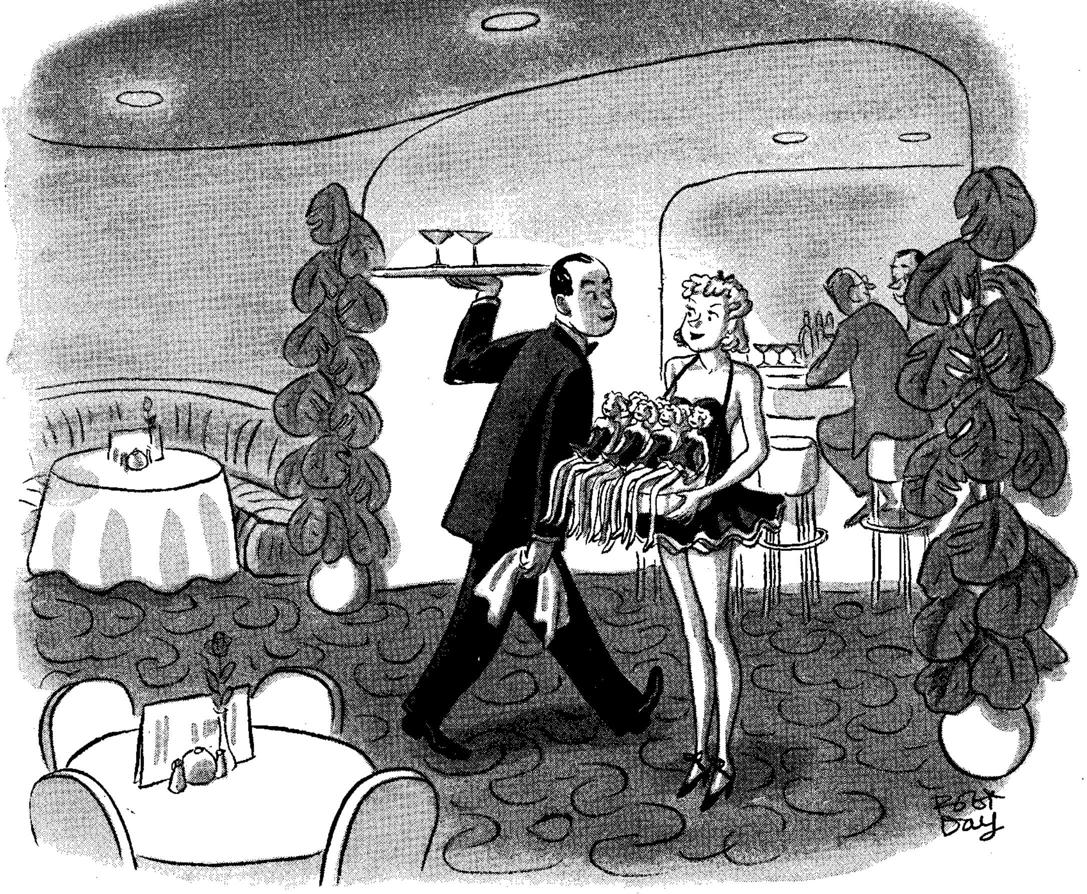
ALONG with other commentators, we've had occasion from time to time to remark on the oddly celestial prose style of General MacArthur. If it will cheer him any in what may otherwise be a bleak period for him, we extend our congratulations on the terse, atypical communication he sent to John Foster Dulles approving the State Department's note to Russia on Japan. According to the papers, it said, in toto, "Reply to Malik on the Japanese peace treaty question is a honey." The admirable conciseness and simplicity of this message, and its felicitous termination, should not go unacclaimed. Our compliments to General MacArthur. It is exceedingly comforting to know that despite his long absence from our midst, he retains at least one tiny fragment of our earthy native idiom.

First Day

LAST Wednesday, the opening day of the drive for a million Civil Defense volunteers, found us in the city-owned building at 500 Park Avenue, which houses the headquarters of Grover Whalen, the newly appointed Coordinator of Recruiting and Public Information, Civil Defense. We were deposited on the second floor by an elevator man who was wearing an armband lettered "CD," and there discovered that part of the suite of offices used by the Mayor's Reception Committee, of which Mr. Whalen is chairman, was being converted into Civil Defense R. and P.I. headquarters. Two men with a ladder were attaching a Civil Defense insigne—"CD" in red on a white triangle on a blue circle, six feet in diameter—to the wall beside the entrance door, and in an anteroom other workmen were attaching similar but smaller insignia to the walls. Behind a desk in this room sat a ruddy, white-haired gentleman who identified himself as Charles H. Stringer, a volunteer of two hours' standing. "Thought I might be useful," Mr. Stringer told us crisply. "I was on General Allenby's staff in France during 1916 and '17—British subject then, became an American citizen in 1924. I happen to have been able to make a deal with my firm so that I can be free from twelve-thirty to four-thirty daily. Of course, few of us here know damn-all about what we're doing, as yet." A lady approached Mr. Stringer flourishing a paper that bore the motto "Kill the Myths" in pencilled letters an inch high, and we continued on into an inner office, where we had a talk with Mrs. Rose Lehman Stein, Deputy Chairman of Public Information. Mrs. Stein told us that an appeal for volunteers sent to five hundred large business organizations was producing excellent results. "Responses are coming in thick and fast," she said. "Companies are letting people work for us as interviewers on company time. We're spreading girls around the police precinct houses and the firehouses to accept volunteers for any of the C.D. categories; there are nearly three hundred categories, you know. At least two recruiters on duty in every precinct house and firehouse in the city, twelve hours a day—that's our dream."



We returned to the ground floor, where a good-sized room with ten desks,



"The big guy at Table 14's about ripe. They're on their fifth round."

formerly part of a veterans' information bureau, had been set aside for Civil Defense recruiting. The interviewers at the desks ranged from a distinguished gentleman of, say, sixty to a pretty brunette of, say, twenty-two. We made our way to the desk of Mrs. Emma Rothblatt, the consultant on recruiting. "If I should drop off to sleep while we talk, please excuse me," she said, with a sigh. "Thirteen hours of work yesterday, goodness knows how many hours today. Think of it—five thousand *recruiters* to recruit!" Mrs. Rothblatt gamely launched into a description of the general procedure that is being followed. When a volunteer comes in, the interviewer gets a line on the amount of time he can spare and the branch of Civil Defense he's interested in and qualified for. Then a record card is filled out—in triplicate, of course. "In the case of recruiters," Mrs. Rothblatt told us, "we can accept them, administer the loyalty oath, and in special cases make the assignment on the spot. For example, one woman came in today and we signed her up, swore her in, and sat her down at a desk. She's an old hand at Civil Defense recruiting from the war years, and we knew her capabilities. In all departments outside of recruiting, we accept the application and forward it through the proper channel. An auxiliary fireman, for instance—we send his papers to the Fire Department, and they check up on his previous experience and make sure he's physically and morally fit to be a fireman, and all that sort of thing. An air-raid warden—to the Police Department. If he's accepted, he gets his definite assignment and takes his oath later."

We left 500 Park and went up to Sixty-seventh Street, where the Nineteenth Precinct police station is situated, arriving late in the afternoon. Recruiting for auxiliary policemen had been going on for two months at the Nineteenth, and business on this first day of the big push had been no better than average. "Too early to tell much of anything," a sergeant said. We next paid a brief visit to Engine 39, which is next door to the Nineteenth Precinct station, and to Hook and Ladder 16, which is next door to Engine 39. Three recruiting girls from Metropolitan Life had been on duty at each fire station during the afternoon, we learned, and each threesome had signed up one volunteer. The firemen regarded this as a sound, if unspectacular, showing. The girls in Hook and Ladder 16 set up their recruiting table right beside the hook and ladder, amidships, and the girls in Engine 39 set up about three feet off the starboard bow of the engine, and all six kept inquiring eagerly when the apparatus might have to go out. No alarm came in that afternoon.

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SIGN hanging at the gate of a castle in Banwell, Somerset, England: "This castle was built in the late nineteenth century and is of no historical value whatever. Please remember that this Englishman's castle is his home and do not intrude."

Singing Professor

ONE evening last spring, at a Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall, a City College history professor gaped in astonishment as a soloist appeared on the stage and began to sing with the orchestra. "Why, if it isn't Anderson, of Chemistry!" he exclaimed to his wife in something above a whisper. "Why, I had lunch with him in the cafeteria yesterday, and he didn't breathe a word of this—just talked about the acidity of blood!" The history prof, a man who is right on the ball where C.C. is concerned, tipped off the college's publicity bureau about his dual-career colleague the next day, but summer vacation came along, and one thing and another, and it wasn't until last week that the publicity office told us about him. He is Dr. Adolph G. Anderson, and upon meeting him for a drink we found him to be a boyish, bushy-haired fellow of thirty-seven, with a low, musical voice. He was wearing a bow tie, and a tan sweater beneath his blue suit coat. "What wretched timing!" he said. "I've sung several times in Carnegie Hall, Times Hall, and the Museum of Modern Art; I was in the chorus of 'Sadie Thompson' and understudied the lead baritone; and three or four years ago I helped organize a travelling opera company that toured more than thirty colleges, but right now I haven't a single musical date. I just commute from my home in Tenafly, four days a week, to my chemistry classes. How can you possibly find a timely news peg?”

We told Dr. A. not to worry, and inquired into his history. He was born in Sun Prairie, South Dakota (“Just a telephone pole”), the son of a Swedish Baptist minister who kept moving from parish to parish. By the time he was sixteen, he had lived in Cokato, Minnesota; Alexandria, Minnesota; Everett, Washington; Sioux City, Iowa; and McKeesport, Pennsylvania. In 1930, he entered the University of Pittsburgh, where in due course he earned a doctorate in chemistry and took up the teaching of that subject. He started his musical career with the university glee club and quartet, and continued it with Pittsburgh choral societies and church singing groups. In 1940, he helped found the Pittsburgh Opera Company, and sang in it. “We wanted to convert the opera-lover to an interest in operas presented in English and well acted, like plays,” he said, “but it didn't work out too well. The company lapsed into traditional forms.” Anderson accepted a call to C.C.N.Y. in 1942, and at the same time got a scholarship at the Juilliard School of Music. He has led a double life ever since. During the war, he was lent to Columbia, where he conducted experiments on conscientious objectors to determine the minimum amount of water necessary for survival under various climatic conditions. His parents' religious outlook was so strict that they condemned public entertainment, and his father died last year without ever having heard him sing professionally. His mother has never heard him sing, either, except, possibly, in the bathroom. “As a youth, I wasn't allowed to go to the movies,” he told us. “I was in a school production of ‘Penrod and Sam’ at twelve, and it almost broke up the family. I think my mother is rather proud of me, though. I haven't a great voice, and, to be perfectly candid, I have a mysterious allergy that makes it asthmatic at times, but I can get by with it.”

The travelling opera company Dr. Anderson helped form was at first called Opera for College, and later the New Lyric Stage, and functioned during scholastic holidays, so he was able to travel with it, singing leading roles before audiences made up of summer-school students and townsfolk. He withdrew from it after two years because he was dissatisfied with its musical standards. “I hope to found another company someday,” he said, “and do operas translated into English and dramatically produced. It's hopeless to try to make theatre out of opera in a language that can't be transmitted to the audience, especially with the extremely naïve approach to the dramatic side of things characteristic of most opera. There are plenty of singers who can act—there's a lot of talent—but there's no direction. The Metropolitan just *isn't* a good show. The City Center had a chance to do something, but it muffed it.” A few years ago, when Anderson was studying at Juilliard, he called up a City Center stage director he knew and asked for a chance to sing there. “You have to have years of experience to work with this company,” the director said. “I'll call you back after I've had years of experience,” Anderson said.

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WEEKLY count of illegal parking of automobiles on a couple of no-parking blocks:

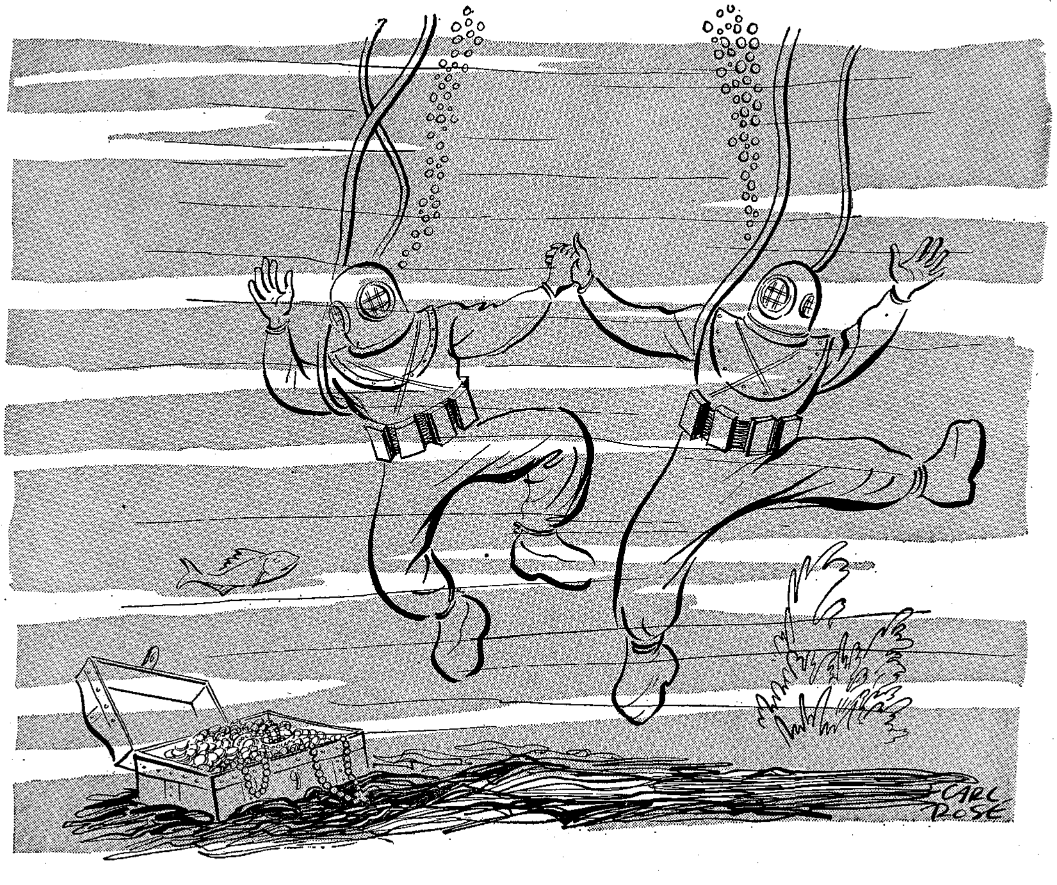
Blocks inspected: Fifty-sixth Street from Fifth to Seventh Avenues.

Time of inspection: 2:20 to 2:40 P.M., last Friday.

Number of cars illegally parked: 22.

New Dignity

TOGETHER with the Civil Defense recruiting of volunteers, another major bureaucratic operation was getting under way here last week—the issuance by the Social Security Administration of Social Security cards to domestic workers and others who became eligible for federal old-age insurance January 1st. Stopping in on Thursday at the midtown offices of the S.S.A., at 41 West Forty-third Street, we fell in behind two straight-backed, middle-aged women in convoluted, Queen Mother Mary toques, whom we pegged as the more frosty type of nanny. Our surmise was confirmed when one said to the other, “Don't I see you afternoons in the Park, just off Seventy-second Street?,” and the second replied, “You do indeed. And what lovely, well-behaved chil-



dren you have!" "That is because I have brought them up from *birth*," said the first lady, in a tone that seemed to deny the pretensions of parents. We hastened out of the icy wake of the nannies and made our way to the desk of Mr. Clement H. Cornish, a gray-haired man with rimless glasses, who is the manager of the midtown office of S.S.A. He told us that the rush for cards really began toward the end of last month, and that everything was proceeding nicely. "Of course, the new law covers more than just domestic workers," he said. "Self-employed persons and farm workers are also eligible for benefits, but we don't see many of the latter in this office." After a hearty laugh, he turned us over to his assistant, an earnest young man named Sanford Blumenthal, who observed that Thursdays will, naturally, be the busiest days in the office, Thursday being maids' day out. "Last Thursday, even before the law went into effect," he said, "I suppose we had a thousand domestics in here."

Blumenthal nodded toward forty or fifty people who were sitting in chairs, waiting to be dealt with by half a dozen receptionists. "At one point last Thursday," he said, "I glanced out over that sea of faces, and it was evident that the great majority were proud and happy to be taking this step. Social Security adds a new dignity to an occupation that has been too often looked down on." Blumenthal added that some domestic workers from European countries with more comprehensive social-security systems than ours have been disappointed to discover that their S.S.A. coverage doesn't include health insurance. Housewives who come in for information grasp the principles of the law very quickly, he said, and recommended that we never underestimate the intelligence of housewives. We promised that we never would, and moved on to the desk of the head receptionist, Mrs. Rita Bioni, at whose invitation we pulled up a chair and listened in on the proceedings for a while. Quickly and kindly, Mrs. Bioni dealt with the problems of a young woman who was getting married and wondered what to do about changing the name on her Social Security card, a white-haired man with flashing teeth who said he was a self-employed insurance underwriter and wanted to apply for a Social Security card, and a bright-eyed houseworker from Red Bank, New Jersey, who was worried because her employer hadn't said a word to her about Social Security. Mrs. Bioni suggested that she take home a booklet and give it to her employer. "That's an unusual case," Mrs. Bioni told us, in an aside. "In many cases, it's the employer who sends the employee in here to get a card. So far today, I've talked to three women who came in *with* their maids, just to make sure they were doing everything right." Mrs. Bioni next made out cards for a handsome colored woman, who said she had never done housework but was thinking of taking it up; an unemployed Filipino cook and houseman, who insisted on showing Mrs. Bioni the letter of recommendation he had got from his last employer; a young nursemaid; and a very small, very cheerful lady, who told Mrs. Bioni that she is seventy-eight and keeps house for a minister who is ninety-one. "This is a fine time of life for the two of us to be getting mixed up with a thing like this," she said.

We drifted back to Blumenthal's desk, and he told us he has little difficulty in expounding the new law, because, except for one point, it is perfectly clear. "The ambiguous point," he went on, "is the status of mothers-in-law. The law states flatly that a man can't make his wife or his mother or any of his children eligible for Social Security by simply putting them on his payroll as domestic workers, but for some reason it says nothing about mothers-in-law. We've had several inquiries about that." Mr. Blumenthal is hoping for a ruling soon.

Improvement

A Southern California movie theatre that was afflicted with a decline in attendance has taken to running its cartoon backward. You can't get in the place.

Insect Men

The opening session of the first annual convention of the Lepidopterists' Society, held the other morning in an auditorium on the fourth floor of the Museum of Natural History, brought out thirty or forty people, among them Frederick H. Rindge, who is in charge of the Museum's collection of lepidoptera; Austin H. Clark, a Smithsonian marine biologist, who is president of the Entomological Society of Washington; Cyril F. dos Passos, of Mendham, New Jersey, who is the owner of one of the world's most extensive private collections of North American butterflies; Dr. Charles L. Remington, of the Osborn Zoological Laboratory, of Yale University, who, with his wife and Harry K. Clench, organized the Lepidopterists' Society in 1947; David T. McCabe, of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, aged fifteen; and us. Since Dr. Remington got busy, four hundred and fifty members, both professionals and amateurs, have been recruited from all over the world, and an informative periodical, the *Lepidopterists' News*, has appeared monthly. The Society met, over a two-day period, to ratify a constitution, elect officers, and listen to a dozen or so papers. While the lepidopterists were registering, we buttonholed Mr. Clark, who advised us that shortly after graduating from Harvard, in 1903, he served as acting chief of the scientific staff aboard the Bureau of Fisheries steamship Albatross on a ten-month cruise around Alaska, the Bering Sea, the China Sea, and the Sea of Japan. "I subsequently joined the Smithsonian as a marine biologist," he said, "but I've always been interested in butterflies and moths. You know, if you play around with marine zoology, you have to do something on land, to keep from drowning. In 1921, for a couple of weeks, I served as aide-de-camp to the late Prince of Monaco, who was a well-known oceanographer, when he visited Washington. White tie every night. Had to protect him from a mass of social climbers."

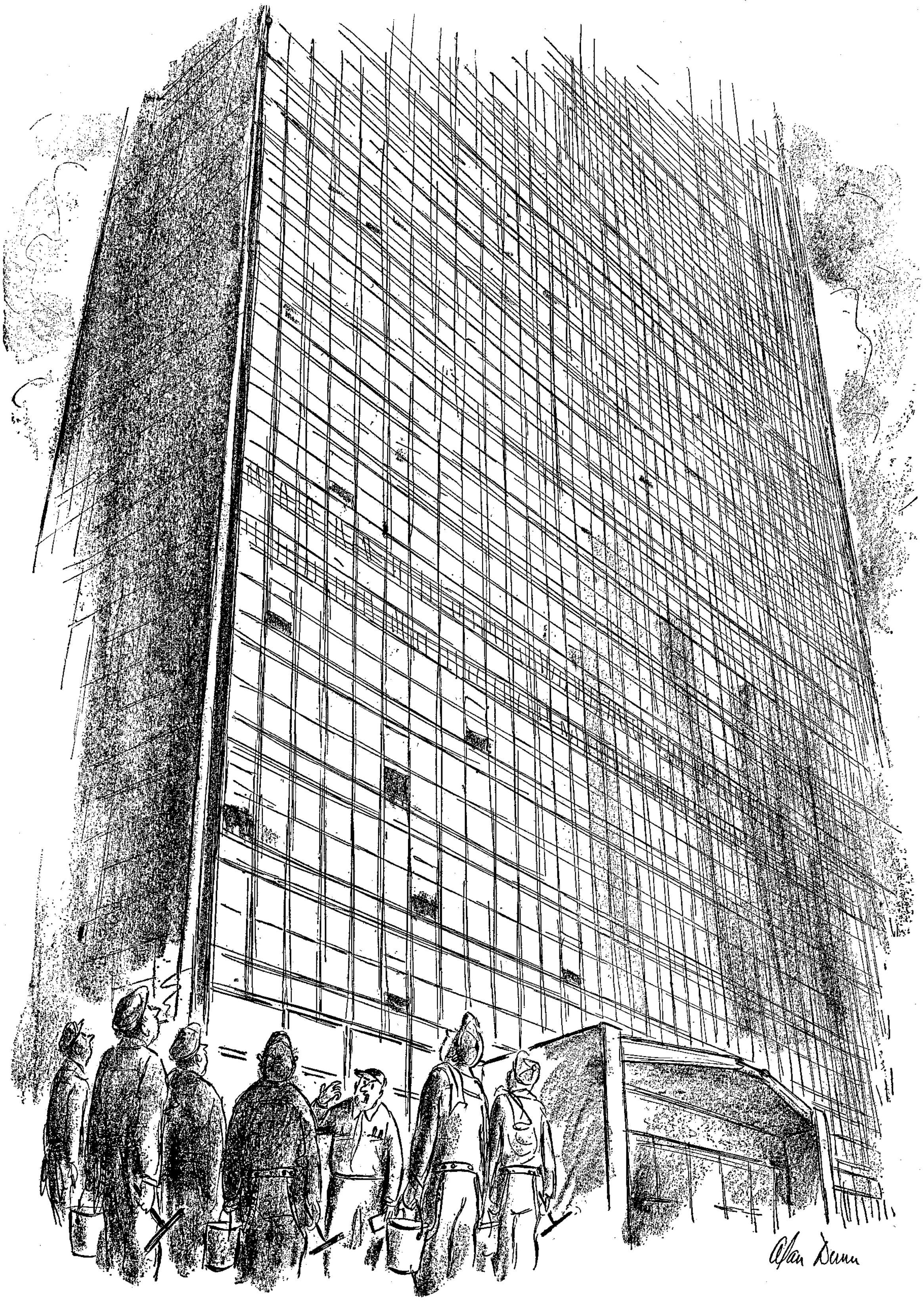
"I'm Charlie Remington," said a tall young man in a gabardine suit, and introduced us to two of the three ladies present—his wife and Dr. Marion Smith, curator of entomology at the University of Massachusetts—and to Brother Adelphe, S.C., a teacher in Montreal. Brother Adelphe told us he is working on a handbook on the butterflies of eastern Canada, and continued, "We have a hundred and one species, and, of course, they're *lost* in Holland's 'Butterfly Book.' I'll have to include Newfoundland, since she became Canada's tenth province in 1949, and also Labrador, since she belongs to Newfoundland. I plan to have fourteen plates."

We next met Mr. Nicholas Gillham, a freshman at Harvard, who has been a volunteer assistant to Mr. Rindge the last two summers, and Mr. L. Paul Grey, of Lincoln, Maine, a carpenter who in his spare time has become an outstanding authority on Speyeria, a genus of the fritillary butterfly. Mr. Grey told us that he has the largest collection of North American fritillaries in the world. "Give or take five thousand, I'd say I have thirty thousand," he said. "Keep them in cases I make myself." We commented on the beauty of fritillaries, and Mr. Grey glanced at us severely. "It's not their *looks*," he said. "Let's dispose of this rubbish about collecting butterflies just for the sake of collecting butterflies. I collect Speyeria because the genus is so variable. Studying it shows what one butterfly can do on one continent over a period of, say, five thousand years, and what glaciation has done to butterflies. It's a microcosm in which you can see the macrocosm. Appearance means nothing. I thought seriously of going into a group of moths—Noctuidae, or owlet moths, whose larva is the cutworm—and they are absolutely dun-colored." Mr. Grey observed that butterflies are more difficult to rear than moths. "The butterfly is a higher type of insect than the moth," he said. "It's more nervous, and doesn't mate as readily in captivity. Some moths are evolving *backward*, which isn't true of any butterfly." Mr. Grey's views on butterflies' mating habits were supported by another amateur rhopalocerist, Mr. Sidney A. Hessel, a Woodmere, Long Island, businessman, with whom we had a subsequent chat. He told us that he has had some success in mating butterflies by arousing the male's jealousy. "If you want a given male to mate with a given female," he said, "and he proves indifferent after you put them both in a cage, the thing to do is surround him with cages of other males. This may bring results."

Our final talk of the morning was with the third lady present, Mrs. C. Reed Cary, of Philadelphia, a cozy heterocerist of sixty-eight, who has been collecting sphinx moths since 1893 and now has four thousand. "They just appealed to me from the very beginning," she said. "I love the night. They fly at night. I often stay up all night, especially when there's a fog and a gentle rain—the best conditions for attracting moths into light traps. I love everything that happens at night."

Substitute

A GENTLEMAN interested in Paul Valéry and his poetry called at the Houghton Library, at Harvard, the other day and asked to see the microfilms of Valéry's private notebooks, which, he had learned, are in the custody of that noted repository. After some investigation, the man in charge of microfilms came up with the information that these particular ones are locked in a vault and aren't to be seen for thirty years. Then, noting his caller's disappointment, he added brightly, "But we're opening up Amy Lowell later this month."



"O.K., men, hop to it! The sooner we start, the sooner we finish."

THE DEFICIT IN THE FACULTY CLUB

THE members of the Faculty Club's Board of Governors settled circumspectly into the easy but surly wicker chairs of the smoking room.

"I have called you together to discuss our deficit," said the Professor of Heat and Power.

"*Absit omen*," remarked the Professor of Classics.

"How was that?"

"*Absit omen*," repeated the Professor of Classics, with the intolerable smile of superior culture.

"Oh, yes, of course," said the Professor of Heat and Power. "The deficit, gentlemen, has reached alarming proportions."

"It was the custom among the Romans," explained the Professor of Classics, "to greet the mention of some ugly or unwelcome fact by exclaiming '*Absit omen*'—'May the omen be absent, may it have no application to the present case.' That is why I exclaimed '*Absit omen.*'" He looked around for approving smiles, and these were granted him, except by Professor Entwhistle, who was frowning into his pipe.

"So now," continued the Professor of Heat and Power, "the question is how to turn this deficit into a profit."

"Or, more properly, a proficit," put in the Professor of Classics, who was now, as he would have put it, *in canaliculo*—in the groove. "With any sort of consistency, we ought either to say 'deficit' and 'proficit' or 'profit' and 'defit.' But we have chosen to take one form from the third person singular, present indicative, and the other, by way of the French, from the past participle. I always say 'proficit.'"

"The study of etymologies is indeed fascinating," said the Professor of Heat and Power. "We have, this evening, to discuss a deficit, or defit, of the Faculty Club."

"I also always say '*per caput*' instead of '*per capita*,'" announced the Professor of Classics.

"Precisely," said the Professor of Heat and Power. He raised his voice and hurried to business. "You have the Treasurer's Report before you, and a dismal-looking document it is. Now, as I see it, there are two things we can do. We can reduce our expenses or we can increase our income. I suggest that we all think about this for a few minutes."

So for a few minutes the Board members breathed heavily, pursing their lips and knitting their brows, for even the attitudes of thought make thought, and sometimes we pass from seeming to being; sometimes the look of virtue sanctifies, the villainous mask invites Satan.

"The Country Club got itself out of debt with slot machines," said the Professor of Ethics and Moral Philosophy hesitantly.

"I'm afraid that slot machines are immoral," said the Professor of Heat and Power.

"I would be inclined to contest that," rejoined the Professor of Ethics and Moral Philosophy. "Illegal, yes. Socially undesirable, yes. But immoral—on the whole, no. The slot machine is essentially a device permitting one to risk money against a problematic return. Is this immoral? If it is, then most business is immoral; capitalism is immoral. I have been reading about the country's urgent need for venture capital. Well, the slot machine demands, and swallows up, venture capital, though on a small scale. But the size of an operation cannot affect a moral principle."

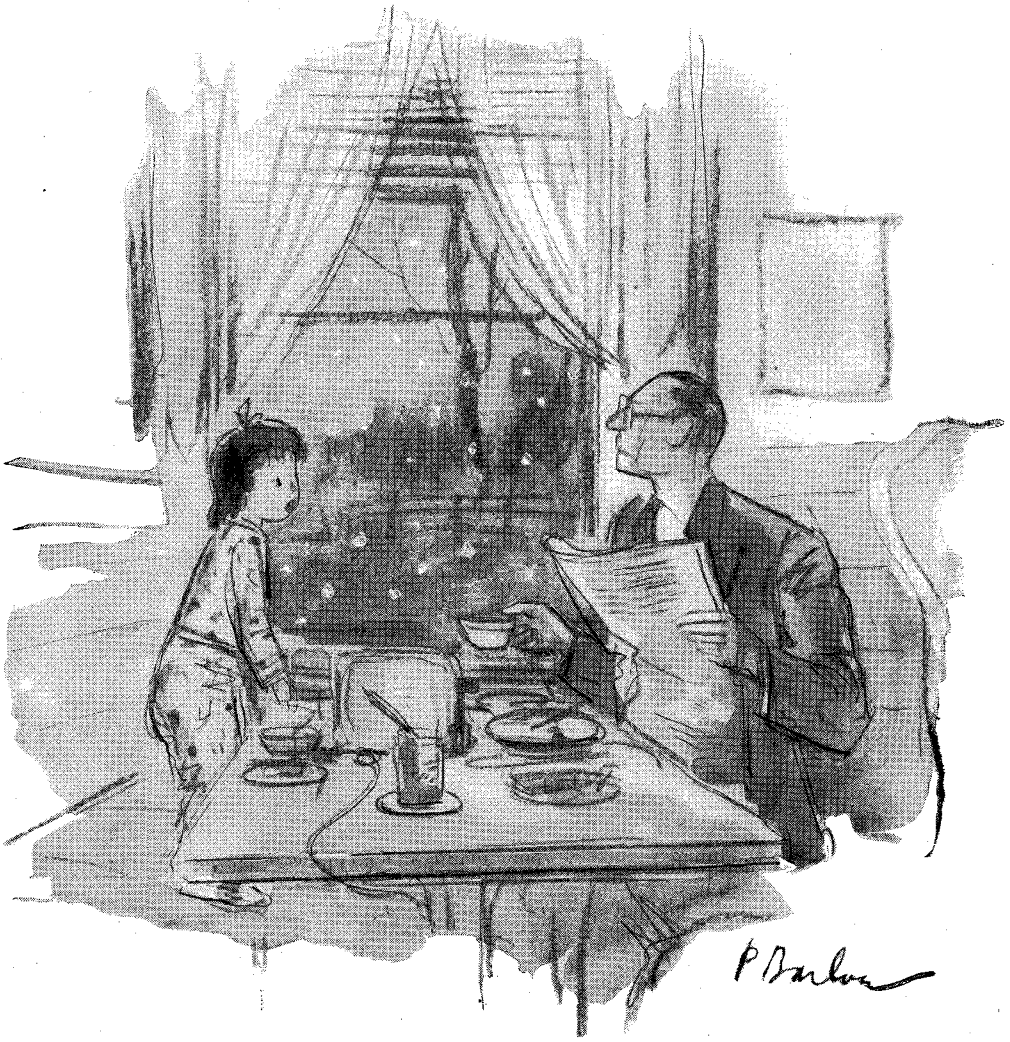
"I must say I don't see the fascination of slot machines," observed the Lecturer on Bovine Psychology. "Everybody knows the things are rigged against you; you haven't got a chance. Just for the hell of it, I tried one out in Las Vegas last year, coming back from the Coast. My losses followed a perfectly consistent curve."

"It's the jackpot that gets them," said the Professor of Ethics and Moral Philosophy. "Or, rather, the mirage of the jackpot, which offers a more powerful motivation than the sober calculation of odds can provide."

"I suspect that there is a latent, unanalyzed association between the word 'jackpot' and 'pot of gold,'" put in the Professor of Classics.

PROFESSOR ENTWHISTLE'S sagging wicker chair had for some time been groaning with disapproval.

"You miss the whole point of the slot machine," said Professor Entwhistle. "Its popularity is very simple. It offers the citizen a means of spending money by machinery. No longer do we have to go through the endless rigmarole of buying and selling, calculating and computing. No longer do we need to clean, repair, and eventually dispose of a cumbersome purchase. In the slot machine we have an efficient device that permits us to pull the lever of command, and then provides a fine, grinding noise and the picture of a lot of mechanical units going round and round. The machine offers us the peculiar and exciting pleasure of destroying our own money, and thus satisfies the Financial Death-Will, of



"If the Long Island doesn't run today, will you take me sledding, Daddy?"

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which Freud surely speaks somewhere in his great works. This machine for spending is really very pure and beautiful."

"It is really a symbol of our civilization," agreed the Professor of Ethics and Moral Philosophy. "Consume to produce. The American way of life."

"Exactly," said Professor Entwhistle. "It is a symbol of democracy. Every citizen stands equal before it. The Phi Beta Kappa Society is side by side with the Loyal Order of Moose. This is as it should be. The Phi Beta Kappa, whose motto is 'Philosophy the Guide of Life' "—" '*Philosophia Biou Kybernetes*,' " explained the Professor of Classics—"learns that Philosophy is no guide at all in confronting life's practical problems. Philosophy merely gives him a vocabulary for analyzing his past mistakes. I said something of this sort recently when I addressed the Phi Beta Kappa Society. I said, 'We are presenting you ardent young initiates with a key, the sacred Phi Beta Kappa key. It does not look like any key with which you are familiar. It was designed to wind a watch. But the last watch that could be wound with a key disappeared from commerce about fifty years ago. And if you look closely at the projecting tip, you will see that the interior is perfectly smooth and round; it could not wind anything if there were anything to wind. We present you, therefore, young ladies and gentlemen, with an impracticable key to a vanished world, and we hope it works.' That is what I said to the Phi Beta Kappas. They were furious." Professor Entwhistle chuckled with satisfaction.

The Professor of Heat and Power took advantage of the chuckle. "I don't suppose the suggestion of slot machines is really seriously intended," he said. "As a means of reducing the Faculty Club deficit, I should beware of the machine."

"And a good slogan, too," said Professor Entwhistle. "Beware of the machine, whether a slot machine or one of the giant brains of the International Business Machines Corporation. I may say that I view with alarm the intrusion of the I.B.M. machines into the private affairs of the University. As you know, every student is now represented by a card—a kind of homunculus—that summarizes his character, career, and marks by means of a pattern of oblong slits. Each slit indicates some mysterious vital fact, comprehensible to the Machine alone. The Machine, almighty and inscrutable, has taken on the attributes of deity. Seymour, in Architecture, told me a terrifying story. One of his students got access to his own card, for some reason, and to amuse himself took a penknife and cut half a dozen slits of the proper size in blank spaces. He returned his card to the Registrar. When his card was processed, the machine growled and snarled and almost short-circuited itself, and tossed out the student's card with indications that he was a troublemaker, subversive, disrespectful of tradition, and probably a Communist, and should be immediately expelled."

"I shudder when I read about those dreadful new machines," said the Professor of Ethics and Moral Philosophy. "They are so much more efficient than their makers. I prefer slot machines."

"Speaking of slot machines," said the Professor of Heat and Power, "there is something I would like to point out to you in the Treasurer's Report. If you will look at the second page . . ."

He paused, and Professor Entwhistle took the ball on a fumble, so to speak. "What I look forward to," he said, "is seeing I.B.M. go into the slot-machine business. It stirs the imagination to think what wonderful money-devourers they could build. No more of these simple contrivances in which oranges, lemons, plums, and cherries form their innocent combinations, perpetual fruit cups. The great I.B.M. slot machines would operate at the speed of sound; they would be able to annihilate millions of dollars at the flick of a lever."

"I'll bet they already have some of those slot machines down in Washington," said the Lecturer on Bovine Psychology.

"Let me tell you something about Washington," said the Professor of Heat and Power, suddenly red in the face.

He put the Treasurer's Report back in his briefcase. After all, the Faculty Club had always had a deficit.

—Morris Bishop

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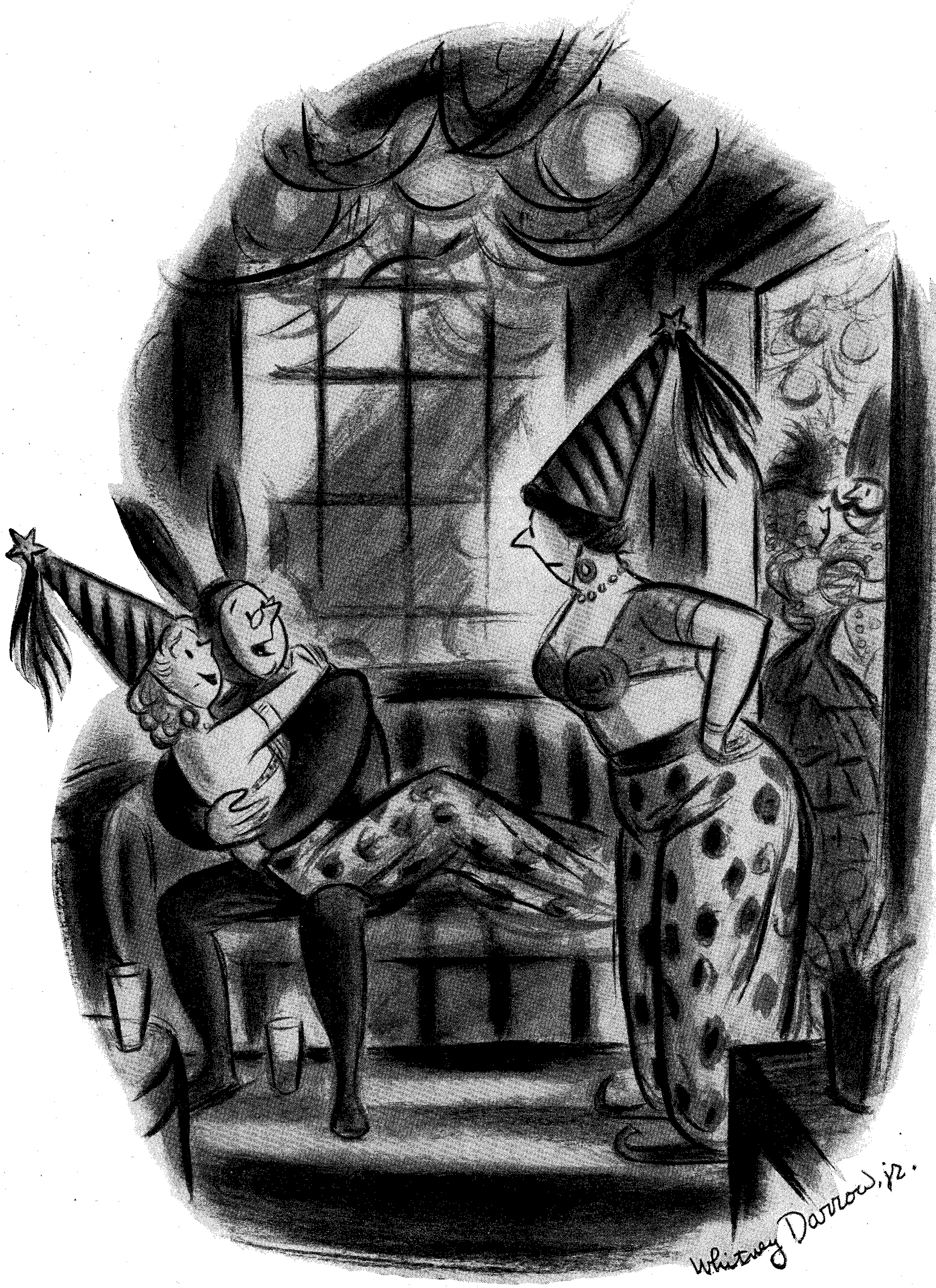
In recent years there has been considerable discussion among wildflowers concerning the real conservation value of some of the waterfowl regulations.—*The Times.*

The dogtooth violet is not one to mince words, either.


Whitney Darrow, jr.

"*Good heavens, Emma! I thought* __*this*__ *was you.*"

ONE ROUND TRIP ONLY

THE car that ran into Mrs. Mathews one afternoon as she was crossing the Place de la Concorde was a very small one, but it was quite large enough to break her leg; she herself, amid the squealing of the French brakes, quite distinctly heard her American bone crack. When the driver, a personable young man, tried, at first politely and then insistently, to help her to her feet, she was forced to repeat several times, in the best French she could muster, her firm intention of remaining where she was, on the pavement, to await the arrival of an ambulance. Her stubbornness made him bitter, and he fluently denounced her carelessness, which, he revealed (partly to her and partly to the many spectators who had quickly gathered), was making him disastrously late for an important business appointment with the father of his fiancée. The crowd was won over to his side at once, but Mrs. Mathews lay still, stoical in her pain and unpopularity. Before too long a time had elapsed, a police ambulance arrived, first aid was administered, depositions were taken, and Mrs. Mathews was driven, at her request, to the American Hospital. There she spent the next ten days, after which she was released, with plaster cast and crutches. Ruinous to her budget, but seemingly inescapable, were a hired car and a driver willing to push a wheelchair; and with these she resumed her sightseeing.

Not having been in Paris since before the war, Mrs. Mathews had not seen the pictures of the Impressionists installed in the small museum of the Jeu de Paume, now called the Museum of Impressionism, and it was to this place that she made her first wheelchair excursion. Pierre, her driver and pusher, an amiable young Parisian who seemed amused by the dual nature of his duties, wheeled her up the ramp leading to the museum from the Tuileries Gardens, pronouncing the effort to be "*excellente gymnastique*," and took her around the ground-floor rooms, containing the earlier work of the Masters. Then, the tour of those rooms completed, she became aware that they were at the bottom of an immensely long flight of stairs, up which he was clearly about to pull her. She was not at all sure she wished him to do so; she was perhaps excessively accident-conscious, but although Pierre seemed husky enough, it was easy to imagine even a stouter man than he wavering and loosening his grip before reaching the top. She was just about to suggest that they content themselves with what they had already seen when a guard stepped forward and offered to help. "It is too bad," he added, touching his cap, "that Madame cannot make use of the elevator."

"The elevator?" said Mrs. Mathews. "There is one? Then why in the world *can't* I make use of it?"

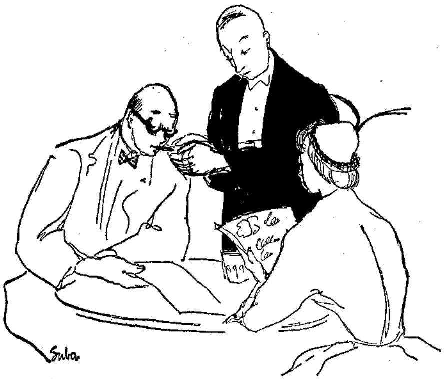
"Because, Madame, it has been transformed into a coatroom. It is a freight, not a passenger, elevator, and so is used very little. For this reason, since it is just next to the entrance, it seemed practical to utilize the space for this other purpose."

"May I see it?" Mrs. Mathews asked, and the guard led them back through the rooms they had already seen, out into the entrance lobby. There, behind a movable counter bearing the sign "*Vestiaire*," stood a large lady; behind her, an open door led into what seemed to be a small room, equipped with coat racks. "May I," Mrs. Mathews asked the coatroom lady politely, "be allowed to use the elevator for the purpose of ascending to the floor above?"

The coatroom lady smiled kindly, with a glance that showed her understanding of Mrs. Mathews' need, but shook her head. "*Je regrette, Madame*," she said. "But it is an elevator no longer. It is a coatroom, as you see, and as such is not used for the transportation of passengers."

"But is it in running order? *Can* it climb to the next floor?"

The coatroom lady seemed surprised by the question. "But of course, Madame. It is inspected regularly. Occasionally, when a particularly large picture, such as a wall panel, has to be transported, the coat racks are temporarily removed and it is set in motion. So far as I know, it has never failed in the performance of its duties." Several guards and doorkeepers, attracted by the conversation between the two women, had gathered around, joining the guard who had offered help, and to them collectively the coatroom lady appealed for corroboration. "Am I not right?" she inquired. "Hasn't it always acquitted itself irreproachably?" They supported her solidly, chorusing "*Mais oui*" or "*Bien sûr*," and staring with what seemed to be a kind of puzzled resentment at this foreigner who was, for some reason, questioning the worthiness of their elevator.



"But then," Mrs. Mathews persisted, "quite *without* giving anyone the trouble of removing any coat racks, wouldn't it be a simple matter just to wheel me in and take me upstairs?"

The coatroom lady's cheeks flooded with red. "Without removing the coat racks!" she cried. "Madame is suggesting, perhaps, that I am lacking in responsibility toward my customers? Would Madame like to think that objects which *she* had confided to the care of a coatroom attendant were allowed by that attendant to circulate freely, at somebody's whim, in a vertical direction or in any other direction? No, Madame! I assure Madame that, despite the character of its installation, my coatroom is a serious and properly conducted establishment, and that objects deposited here are always found by their owners *at the same level at which they were left*."

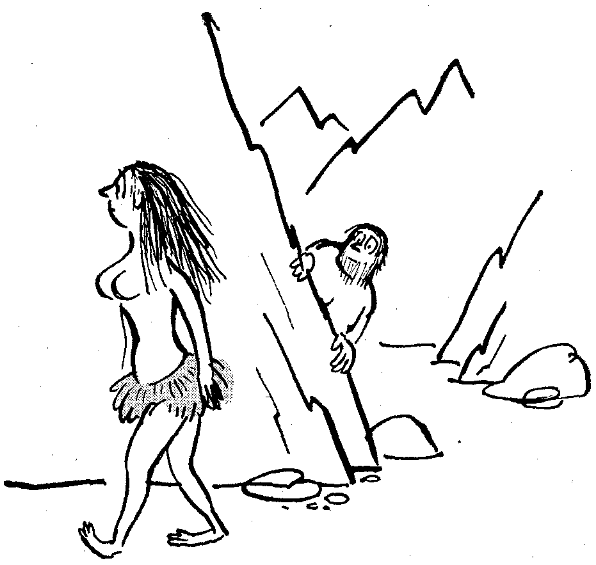
In her indignation, the coatroom lady had been far too burningly concerned with clearing her good name to consult with her colleagues, but now, her torrent ended, she looked significantly around at them; in a silence that was even deeper they returned her glance and gave her their support, and then all of them, and the coatroom lady herself, turned on Mrs. Mathews the full weight of the heaviest stares she had ever received. She was reminded of the unpopularity that had surrounded her as she lay on the pavement in the Place de la Concorde, and, suppressing a desire to give vent to a laugh that would, she felt, have contained a tinge of hysteria, she quietly asked Pierre to take her outside. There, in the sunshine, she did laugh, but Pierre did not. "I am ashamed, Madame," he said solemnly, "ashamed for my compatriots. *Ça, c'est l'administration. Et cette femme—quel gendarme!*"

THAT evening, Mrs. Mathews told the story to French friends who were dining with her. They assured her that any request for something special or unusual, even though it sprang from special or unusual circumstances, such as her own at the moment, would be apt to be received in similar style by the lower ranks of civil servants—

"*les petits fonctionnaires*," or, as Pierre had called them, "*l'administration*." "Note," said one of her guests, "that the guard who so politely offered to help you while it was still a question of your reaching the upper floor in the 'normal' way joined the pack against you when you were indiscreet enough to ask someone to take an iota of special responsibility. There's little chance that you'd be allowed to use that elevator unless you were to present a letter from the President of the Republic or, at the very least, from the director of the national museums of France."

"Where is *he* to be found?" Mrs. Mathews asked.

Her friend said the office of the national museums was in the Louvre; and as soon as her dinner guests had left her, it was to the Louvre that she addressed a letter.



SHORTLY thereafter, Mrs. Mathews, finding herself without plans one Sunday, stopped at the theatre-ticket service of her hotel on her way to lunch in the restaurant and asked for an orchestra seat for that day's matinée of "Clérambard," a comedy, by Marcel Aymé, that she had been told was amusing. Checking by telephone, the agency employee reported that the orchestra of the theatre, the Comédie des Champs-Elysées, was up one flight from the street but was served by an elevator, and that an aisle seat was available in the first row. Mrs. Mathews bought it. After lunch, Pierre drove her to the theatre, and wheeled her into the elevator and from it to her seat, but there the usher, the elevator operator, and an official of the theatre, all of whom had accompanied her and Pierre to assure her well-being, decided that she would be better off in the aisle itself, sitting in her own chair. Wedges were produced from somewhere and placed before and behind the wheels to keep them from rolling; from that position, she very comfortably saw the play.

After the final curtain, Pierre appeared, from the seat that she had told him to buy for himself, to fetch her as arranged, and with him came the theatre official who had escorted her, now full of apologies. The elevator, he regretted to have to say, was no longer running. In some curious Parisian way, which Mrs. Mathews did not quite succeed in understanding, it received its current from another theatre, next door; the matinée in *that* theatre had ended earlier, and everyone had gone home and the current had been turned off. It was entirely his fault, the official said; he had forgotten to tell them next door of Madame's presence; he blamed himself severely. However, a solution existed. If Madame would not mind going backstage, the lift used for transporting scenery was at her disposal. Would she give herself the trouble? She would, and, following their guide, Pierre pushed the chair down a corridor and through a doorway, pulled it up a few steps and through another doorway, and they found themselves on the stage.

Stagehands were busily completing the destruction of the last scene and beginning the reconstruction of the first. Pierre pushed Mrs. Mathews past the skeleton of a caravan, past the façade of a château. The official, who had hurried ahead to call the elevator, announced that there would be a slight delay; the elevator was at the basement level, being loaded with the four heavy knitting machines that, if Madame would recall, were on the stage at the beginning of Act I. Just then the actor who had played the role of Count Clérambard emerged from his dressing room in street costume. Seeing Mrs. Mathews, he first stared, then doffed his hat and smiled and quickly approached. "*Mes hommages, Madame*," he said, "and thank you. My colleagues and I noticed you—how could we not notice *une madame si distinguée*—and we deeply appreciated the compliment of your presence." Before Mrs. Mathews could do more than murmur a few suitable words, he said, "You must meet the Countess," briefly disappeared, and returned with his stage wife, in half makeup and a dressing gown and apologizing for her appearance. The actor then produced, from their dressing rooms, the other principals, the viscount and the prostitute, also in incomplete costume. All made complimentary speeches, ending with a general "*Merci, et meilleure santé, Madame*," and withdrew. By this time, the knitting machines had come up and been unloaded and placed on the stage. The theatre official, with further apologies, saw Pierre and Mrs. Mathews into the elevator, belittled any need for thanking him, and bade them farewell. The operator, when they came to the street level, had a hard time bringing his big car to a landing even with the floor, and when he had finally succeeded in doing so, and had opened the door, he grinned at them and patted the side of the car, as a groom might affectionately pat the neck of a beloved horse. "It isn't often that it carries human passengers, especially a lady," he said. "You must excuse it if its behavior is a little gauche."

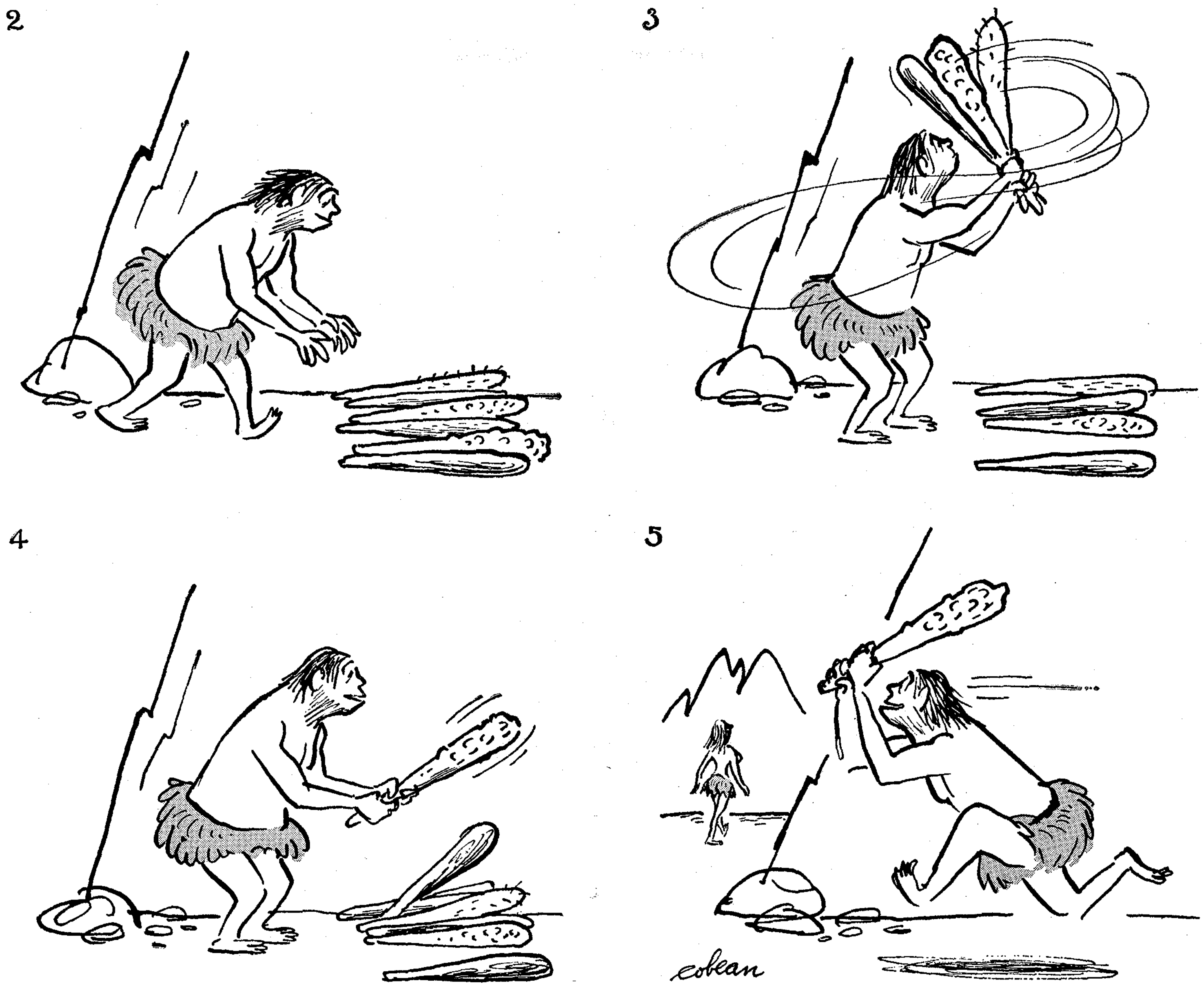
Pierre, radiant from his backstage meetings, allowed himself, when he had installed Mrs. Mathews in the car, a respectful general comment in the form of a question: "Does Madame perhaps share the preference for theatres, rather than museums, which I very definitely possess?"

THE reply from the director of the national museums of France was, when it finally came, in about two weeks, generally satisfactory; not cordial, perhaps, but decent.

> MADAME:
>
> In reply to your valued favor of the second, allow me to confirm that the freight elevator in the Museum of Impressionism has indeed been transformed into a coatroom and is not available for the transportation of passengers. In view of the special circumstances, however, I enclose herewith my permission for you to make use of this elevator *for one round trip only.*

The last words were underlined, as they were also on the typewritten, stamped pass that was enclosed.

Once more, Mrs. Mathews was wheeled up the ramp from the Tuileries Gardens and into the Museum of Impressionism. The coatroom lady affected not to recognize her until she produced the pass, but then it was as though the Museum of Impressionism were suddenly transformed into the Comédie des Champs-Elysées. "*Mais, entrez donc, Madame!*" the lady cried,



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pushing aside her counter with a powerful gesture, so that the chair could approach the lift. "Come, arrange the coat racks and take Madame up," she called to one of the attendants. "Madame has brought a letter from *Monsieur le directeur.*" To Mrs. Mathews she said, "Madame's condition is not a painful one, I hope?" In a moment, the coat racks in the elevator were pushed to one side (there was no mention of the fantasy of removing them), the chair was in, and the car was in motion; a quickly gathered assemblage of guards and attendants were smiling and bowing and touching their caps as it disappeared upward from their view.

Upstairs, reflections on the differences between public and private administration flitted through Mrs. Mathews' mind even while she was savoring the late Renoirs and Monets, the Cézannes, Seurats, Gauguins, and van Goghs, and yet the more she thought, the more she wondered whether her two experiences did show any real difference. In each case, good credentials—a ticket for an orchestra seat, a letter from the director—had brought good will. And if the "gendarme" in the coatroom had been offensive the first time, wasn't her offensiveness balanced by the kindness of the guard who had spontaneously, in the absence of any credentials, offered to help Pierre pull the chair up the stairs? If you looked at it that way hard enough, public and private came out even.

Downstairs again, however, the "one round trip" completed, it did not take long for that carefully balanced viewpoint to topple—in just which direction Mrs. Mathews, despite subsequent pondering, was never quite able to determine. As she emerged with Pierre from the elevator, the coatroom lady was her new, friendly self and expressed the warm hope that they had enjoyed their visit, but when Mrs. Mathews handed her, with thanks, the offering of a hundred francs, which she thought the occasion warranted, the lady passed, in a rush of gratitude, from the merely friendly to the conspiratorial. Quickly snatching something from the drawer of her counter, she thrust it into Mrs. Mathews' hand. "Take it," she whispered fiercely. "Keep it. It says 'one round trip only,' but the next time you present it, who will know that it was ever presented before? Red tape! It is the curse of France, Madame. It relieves one, sometimes, to do a little sabotage—does not Madame agree?"

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

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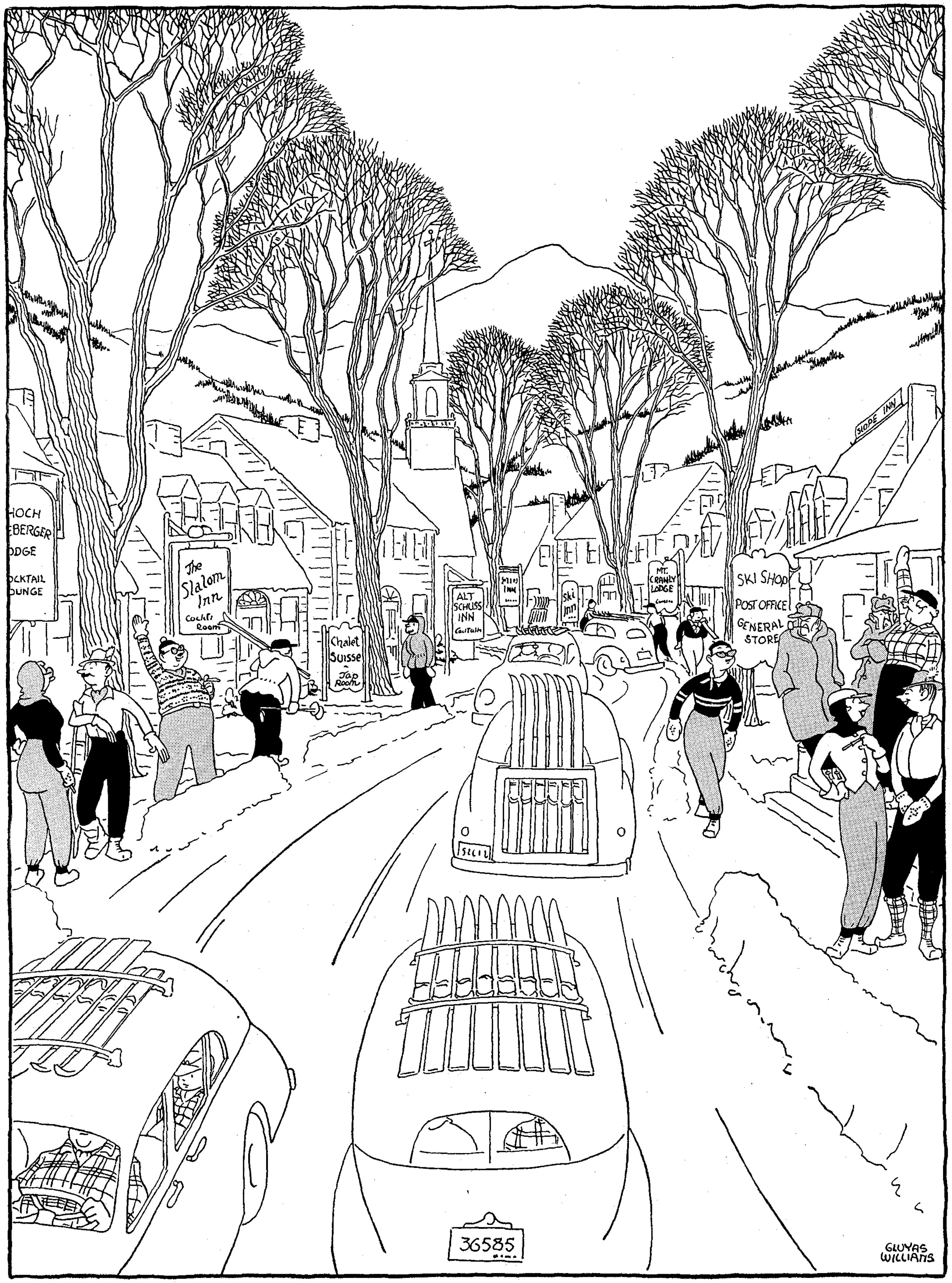
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Letter from the Indiana Republican State Central Committee*]

The Red Herrings our Democratic leaders scoffed at are coming home to roost.


HOCH
EBERGER
ODGE
OCKTAIL
OUNGE
The Slalom Inn
Cockt'l Room
Chalet Suisse
Tap Room
ALT SCHUSS INN
Cocktails
INN
Ski Inn
MT. CRANLY LODGE
SLOPE INN
SKI SHOP
POST OFFICE
GENERAL STORE
36585
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

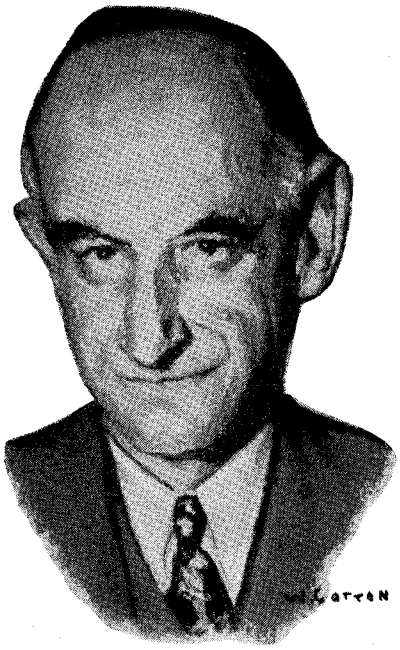
New Hampshire Village, Winter

PROFILES

SOLDIER IN MUFTI

As a special assistant to Charles E. Wilson, head of the recently created and immensely powerful Office of Defense Mobilization, General Lucius DuBignon Clay, a brainy, efficient, and hard-bitten retired Army officer, is clearly slated to play a big part in bringing order out of the chaotic state in which this country's domestic affairs have lately found themselves. Ever since his celebrated occupancy of Germany, Clay, a slim, slight West Pointer of fifty-three, has been a chaos-into-order man of global standing, and until appointed by Wilson to his present post he had for five months been applying his special talent locally, as chairman of the New York State Civil Defense Commission, a job he felt obliged to resign on account of the demands of his newest one. Clay, who as a result of having conceived and sustained the Berlin airlift may go down in history as the world's second most resourceful provider of heavenly manna, is a physically unprepossessing man with a long, sharp nose, unusually large and limpid brown eyes shaded by lush black brows, and, as befits a native of Marietta, Georgia, a mild Southern drawl. He is one of the very few professional American soldiers ever to have earned four stars without holding a combat command. He arrived at his high martial estate by virtue of being an extraordinarily able administrator. If administrative juggling were as visually appealing an art as, say, the juggling of cigar boxes, he would probably rank with W. C. Fields. During much of 1950, for instance, he managed to divide himself up skillfully among his civil-defense job, a non-paying post to which he was appointed by Governor Dewey; the chairmanship of the board of the Continental Can Company, an ordinarily full-time position that pays around a hundred thousand dollars annually and from which he is presently on leave of absence, with pay; and, again without recompense, the national chairmanship of the Crusade for Freedom, a much-publicized libertarian cause on behalf of which, among many other time-consuming chores, he rang a Freedom Bell last October in Berlin, where one of the main West-sector thoroughfares, known until 1949 as Kronprinzen Allee, is now called Clay Allee. The Crusade is a fund-raising project sponsored by the National Committee for a Free Europe, an organization that since July 4th has been running an overseas broadcasting station called Radio Free Europe, in Mannheim, Germany, as a non-governmental supplement to the Voice of America. To dramatize its appeal for money, the Crusade, in addition to installing an anti-Communist bell behind the Iron Curtain, was busy until recently soliciting individual testimonials to freedom in the form of signatures on Freedom Scrolls. Clay, a practical man, was for charging everybody who wished to sign a scroll a dollar for the privilege, but his version of the poll tax was rejected by his fellow-Crusaders, who argued that people who believe in freedom ought to be allowed to say so whether they have a dollar or not. So far, the Crusade has attracted fifteen million signatures, over a million and a quarter dollars in contributions, and, on the occasion of Clay's dedication of the bell, a crowd of two hundred and fifty thousand West Berliners, whose own relatively free existence is largely the fruit of his administrative efforts.

Clay, since last spring a resident of New York City, is at the moment spending Tuesdays through Fridays in Washington, at Defense Mobilization headquarters, located in the massive old State Department building, and Saturdays through Mondays here, a schedule that permits him to relax a bit and also keep at least a fleeting eye on Continental Can. By his standards, this is not an especially taxing routine. From the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor until his retirement from the Army, in May, 1949, he worked at least part of every day, for a total of some twenty-seven hundred days. While in Berlin as military governor of the United States Occupation Zone of Germany, it was his habit to spend eleven or twelve hours a day, seven days a week, at his office, and to squeeze an extra hour or so out of that formidable timetable by skipping lunch. He stoked himself between breakfast and dinner with coffee and cigarettes, and lost only a little more than ten per cent of his normal weight of a hundred and seventy-five pounds. Nowadays he eats lunch. He has concurrently reduced his coffee intake slightly, but he remains a chain smoker, and by conventional standards, if not his own, still works hard. Soon after becoming the chief executive of Continental Can, he asked how many company installations he had charge of. He was told that there were sixty-four, scattered across the whole of North America. Clay called for a company airplane and within a month had completed an inspection tour of all of them. No Continental Can official had ever before embarked on so arduous an expedition, but to an old soldier it seemed only fitting that on being given a new command he should start off by getting acquainted with all its elements, no matter how widely dispersed.

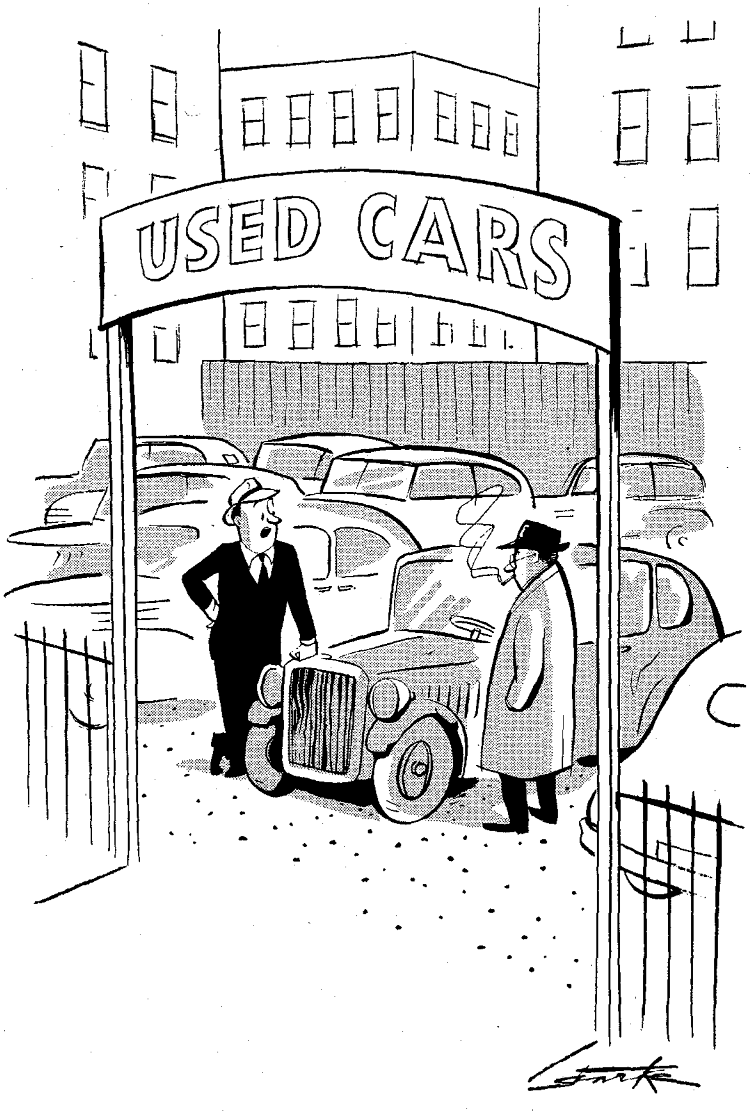


General Lucius Clay

These days, wherever he may be, Clay receives many invitations to make speeches, being regarded as an admirably versatile and knowledgeable orator who, with a barely perceptible shift of gears, can switch from foreign affairs to civil defense to anti-Communism to big business to the state of an aroused Union. When he accepts an invitation to speak, he doesn't bother to prepare a text in advance. He doesn't have to, since he possesses a phenomenal memory and a mind that, because of all the wide-ranging data he has tucked into it and can summon from it at will, was once likened by a mnemonic inferior to the Army's closest counterpart of the Navy's renowned thinking machine. Clay has written out only one speech in recent years, and he didn't read that, for by the time he had finished composing it he had memorized it. On another occasion, during a staff conference in Germany early in 1949, an officer who was sitting in asked for instructions about a trivial matter in his particular field, pointing out that as far as he could determine, it had never been covered in a policy directive. Clay reflected a moment and then said he believed it had been covered, all right, in a cable from the War Department back in 1945. The specialist looked blank. "August, 1945," Clay went on, and gave his impression of the message. A subsequent search of the Military Government files, which contained around seventy thousand cables that had come in from Washington between 1945 and 1949, revealed that Clay had accurately named the year and month and had quoted the otherwise forgotten communication almost word for word.

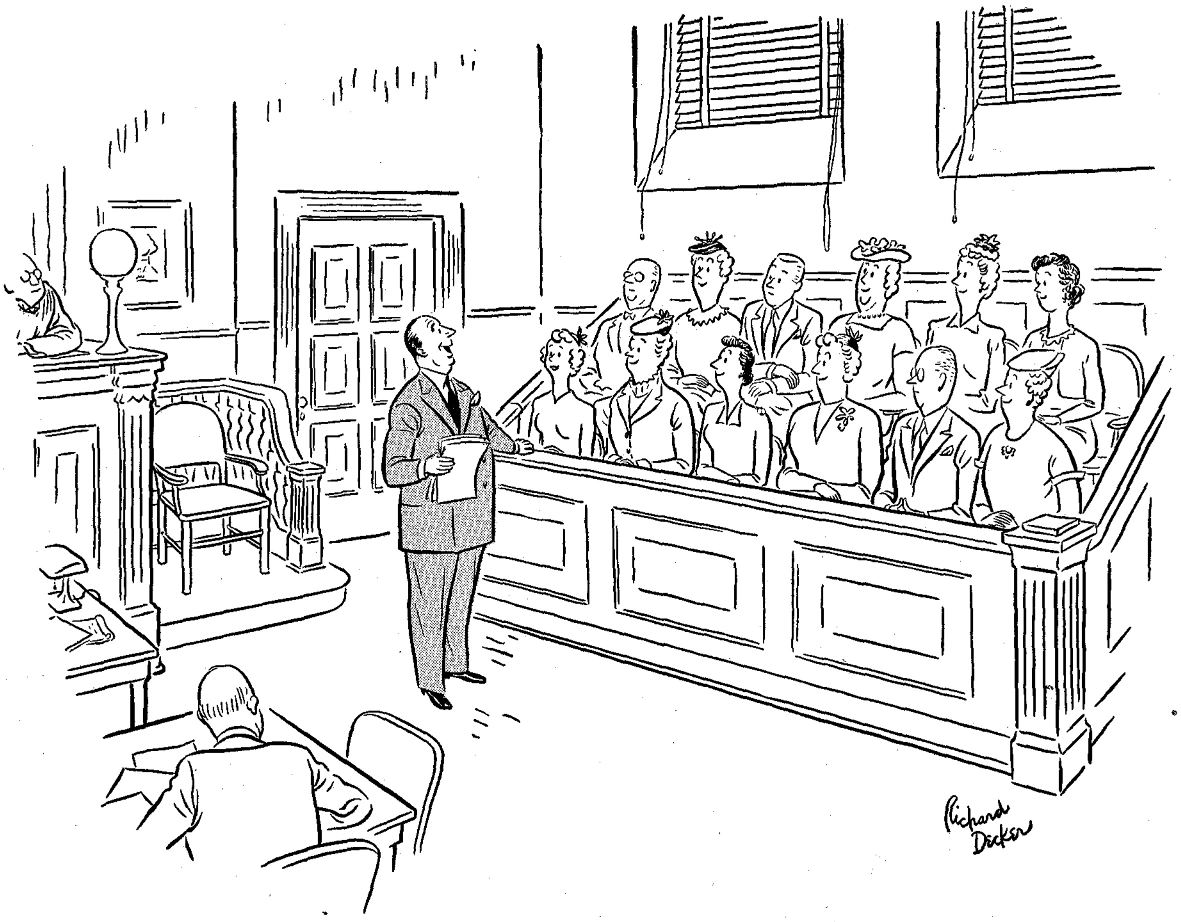
Clay tends to deprecate his recollective powers and to say that he keeps only really important things in his head, but another time in Berlin, upon hearing some American ladies lament at a social gathering that because of the inconsiderate Russians encircling them they doubted whether they'd be able to keep up with the latest styles, which called for petticoats, among other things, Clay saved the day by referring them to a page of a back issue of a magazine on which was an advertisement for a store in the United States that stood ready to ship petticoats to any place on earth. He put on one of his most impressive displays of mental prowess on May 17, 1949, when, in the course of an acclamatory return to this country, he was given only a few hours' notice that time had been reserved for him to make two informal reports on Germany, one to each House of Congress. Talking without a single note, Clay did not falter, even in that high-powered oratorical environment. In England, some months before that, he had spoken on the same subject and also ad lib before the local branch of the Interparliamentary Union, addressing an audience composed of members of both British Houses. It is the view of some international observers that his feat in so adroitly performing before the legislators of the four big English-speaking national councils has been dwarfed in the history of Anglo-American amity only by Bobby Jones' earlier grand slam.

In an era of intrigue, opportunism, and compromise, Clay sometimes seems quaintly anachronistic, having a warm affection for such old-fashioned abstractions as honor, principle, and propriety. His choice of an adjective to convey his opinion of a contemplated emigration of American personnel from Berlin at the start of the blockade was, characteristically, "unbecoming." Unlike some public servants, he is inclined on occasion to admit not only that he is not infallible but that he has actually made a mistake. When, however, he is convinced that a course of action he favors is the correct one, he can be as stubborn as any Army mule; on the eve of one of the many international conferences he participated in while he was stationed in Europe, a State Department official was heard to say, with a sigh, "These sessions wouldn't be so rough, Russians or no Russians, if every time we went into one we didn't first have to make a separate treaty with General Clay." In keeping with his lofty standards of conduct, Clay has never accepted any fees for lecturing on topics related to his public service, including his tour of duty in Germany, his position being that he ought not to be paid for what amounts simply to a report to the people on his stewardship of their affairs. When he decided to write a book on Germany, a proposition that involved considerably more effort than just talking, he did accept a substantial advance, but he sternly refused to take advantage of a tax-computing method embraced by some generals-turned-authors, who have been permitted by the Bureau of Internal Revenue to appraise the output of their mighty pens as a capital gain rather than income, and have profited handsomely thereby. Clay, for his book, "Decision in Germany," got fifty-five thousand dollars, subject to straight income tax, from Doubleday and the *Herald Tribune*, which, respectively, published and syndicated it. Clay wrote it on Cape Cod in the summer of 1949. He was enjoying his first vacation in seven and a half years, so he worked on his manuscript only from 8:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M., but, notwithstanding, he finished the book, a four-hundred-and-forty-page one, in three months. He had resolved to write the book, as he disclosed in it, after reading an official report on his Military Government got up by his own headquarters. He had felt that it "lacked spirit and animation." When Doubleday and the *Tribune* saw the early chapters of Clay's version of the story, they thought *it* lacked spirit and animation, and sent a rewrite man with a colorful vocabulary and a lively style to Cape Cod, where he was supposed to give the General a hand, as such men have from time to time given other generals a hand with their memoirs. Clay, a model of Southern hospitality, welcomed the journalist graciously and conferred with him amiably off and on for five or six weeks, but never



"Another attractive feature is its light weight, which means exceptionally easy pushing."

let him get in a written word.



"I realize the January White Sales are in full swing now, so I'll make my summation as brief as possible."

• •

CLAY'S appointment as chairman of the Civil Defense Commission took effect last July, shortly after a civil-defense measure enacted in Albany became law. So far, the legislature has voted the commission a general appropriation of a hundred thousand dollars for operating expenses and one of half a million to be used specifically for building up a stockpile of medical supplies. There are nine commissioners, among them the heads of the state agencies concerned with health, social welfare, public works, public service, and safety, and they have their headquarters at 124 East Twenty-eighth Street. This office is manned by a staff of fifty, under the direction of Lawrence Wilkinson, a banker who, after three and a half years as an economic adviser to Clay in Germany, was picked by the General as his top-salaried civil-defense man, and who since Clay's resignation has been serving as both director and acting chairman of the commission. It was Clay's practice during his tenure to spend four afternoons a week at the Twenty-eighth Street headquarters. At first, he travelled there stylishly in a chauffeur-driven state limousine, which Dewey had made available to him in lieu of any other compensation. After using the car for a couple of weeks, Clay discovered that an economy-minded bureaucrat in Albany was charging its upkeep and the salary of its driver to the civil-defense budget, which had already begun to look small. Rather than embarrass the Governor by raising the question of whose budget should be accountable, Clay simply sent the car back to the state motor pool.

The law that created the Civil Defense Commission also called for the organization of local defense headquarters by each of the sixty-two incorporated cities and sixty-two counties in the state, with the provision that it would be permissible for a single headquarters to serve a county and the cities lying within it. Accordingly, there now exist, in one shape or another, one hundred and four such local establishments, and most of them, following elaborate directives sent out from Wilkinson's office, have already drawn up plans covering such aspects of dealing with disaster as aircraft-detection warning, rescue squads, public-health measures, bomb shelters, transportation-and-traffic control, and evacuation. Neither Clay nor Wilkinson has ever had any illusions about anyone's being able to plan with sufficient foresight and in sufficient detail to take care of all the contingencies that might arise or even to prevent heavy casualties. Under the most favorable circumstances, for instance, it would probably take nearly an hour to empty some of the skyscrapers in New York City, and the Air Force has stated that it cannot hope to do better than give "imminent" notice of an impending raid. "All that can really be done is to make the best use of available resources, in order to minimize the effects of a sneak attack on areas not directly hit," Clay said not long ago. New York City is, naturally, conceded to be the most likely target in the state, and if an atomic bomb should explode here, the municipal head of civilian defense, former Police Commissioner Arthur Wallander, would direct the on-the-spot operations, while the state organization would bring in help from outside—it envisions the commandeering of fire engines from as far off as Poughkeepsie—and take care of shepherding evacuees once they were out beyond the city limits.

In the course of shouldering the chief responsibility for the defense of New York against the atomic bomb or similar horror, Clay concluded that an attack on the city, or on any other point in the state, while by no means inevitable, is certainly possible, and to teach people self-defense he had a pocket-size booklet prepared called "You and the Atomic Bomb—What to Do in Case of an Atomic Attack." Clay would have liked to place a copy of the booklet in the hands of every citizen, but the Commission's budget proved too skimpy to embark on publishing ventures, so he persuaded *Life*, which has a much bigger budget, to print some and sell them on a non-profit basis. They are available at from two and a half to ten cents

SOME NOTES ON CHILDREN

By all the published facts in the case,
Children belong to the human race.

Equipped with consciousness, passions, pulse,
They even grow up and become adults.

So why's the resemblance, moral or mental,
Of children to people so coincidental?

Upright out of primordial dens,
Homo walked and was sapiens.

But rare as leviathans or auks
Is—male or female—the child who walks.

He runs, he gallops, he crawls, he pounces,
Flies, leaps, stands on his head, or bounces,

Imitates snakes or the tiger stripèd
But seldom recalls he is labelled "Biped."

Which man or woman have you set sights on
Who craves to slumber with all the lights on

Yet creeps away to a lampless nook
In order to pore on a comic book?

Why, if (according to A. Gesell)
The minds of children ring clear as a bell,

Does every question one asks a tot
Receive the similar answer—"What?"

And who ever started the baseless rumor
That any child has a sense of humor?

Children conceive of no jest that's madder
Than Daddy falling from a ten-foot ladder.

Their fancies sway like jetsam and flotsam;
One minute they're winsome, the next they're swatsome.

While sweet their visages, soft their arts are,
Cold as a mermaiden's kiss their hearts are;

They comprehend neither pity nor treason.
An hour to them is a three months' season.

So who can say—this is just between us—
That children and we are a common genus,

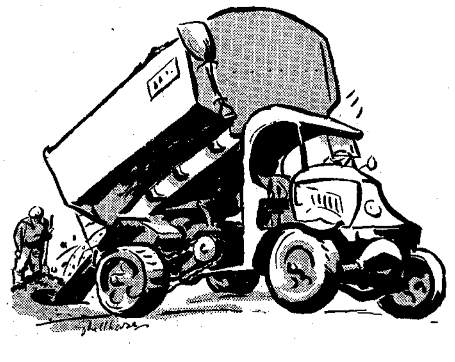
When the selfsame nimbus is eerily worn
By a nymph, a child, and a unicorn?

—Phyllis McGinley

• •

apiece, depending on the quantity ordered. To date, eight hundred and fifty thousand have been sold, and a few days before leaving his civil-defense post Clay guessed that, thanks to this guide and to related activities, New Yorkers are now about fifty per cent better prepared to face up to an atomic attack than they were last summer. "There are two kinds of troublesome people who constantly have to be struggled with," he said, "those who say 'It can't happen here' and those who say 'Oh, well, if it does happen, it'll wipe us all out, so why worry about it?' One of the main civil-defense tasks is to educate the public to a point of view about midway between those extreme views—of believing, that is, that while we can have an attack, at the same time we can plan for it so that it won't be utterly disastrous." Being a realistic man, Clay had plans drawn up for the immediate substitution of other commanders and other headquarters in the event that he, Wilkinson, and their entire staff might be destroyed.

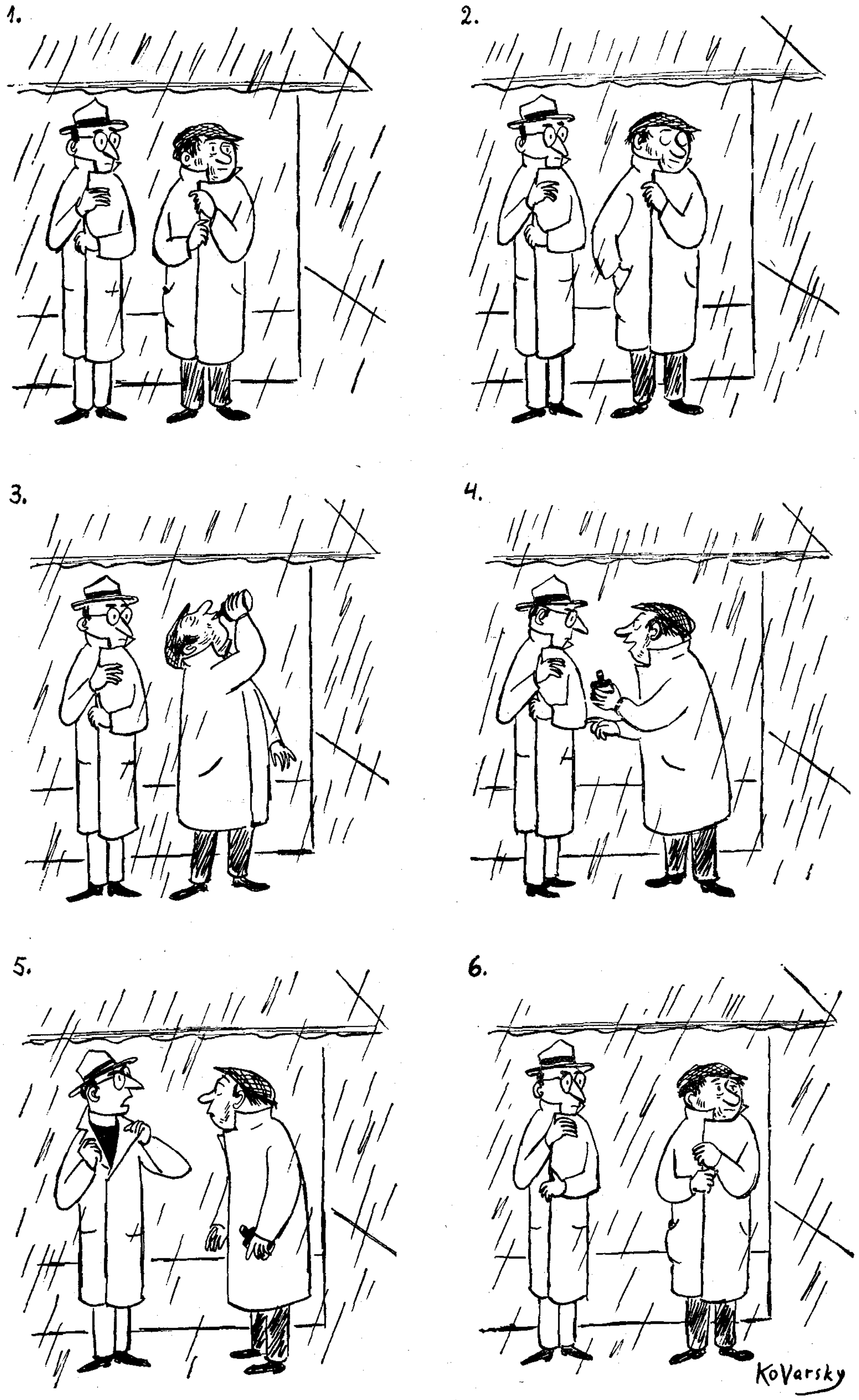
DURING the four-year stretch when Clay was the most influential alien in Germany, he was not infrequently compared, sometimes flatteringly and sometimes unflatteringly, to the high brass of the Roman Empire. A British general was widely credited with observing that his distinguished American colleague not only looked like a Roman emperor—a reference to Clay's unarguably imperious nose—but acted like one. The Atlanta *Constitution*, a newspaper that, with the loyalty of one Georgian to another, has thrown Clay enough editorial bouquets to strip a greenhouse, hailed him as "a soldier fit to stand beside Caesar." Such estimates may have been inspired not only by his nose but by the fact that he bears an authentically Roman first name, acquired in accordance with a tradition of obscure origin but extensive observance among the several branches of the Clay family in the South, which have named others among their offspring Brutus Junius and Cassius Marcellus. The Georgia Clays are an offshoot of the Virginia branch, a conspicuous ornament of which was Henry Clay, whose brother was the General's great-grandfather. Lucius's father, Alexander Stephens Clay, was a lawyer and Democrat who was elected a United States Senator in 1896 and held that office until his death, in 1910. He was the first citizen of Marietta, and a statue of him adorns its town square. Lucius, the youngest of six children, was born during his father's freshman year in office. In those relatively relaxed days, Congress alternated between a long session one year and a short one the next, and Senator Clay's family journeyed with him from Marietta to Washington only for the long sessions. While in the capital on one occasion, Lucius served briefly as a substitute pageboy in the Senate, and whenever he was there he took enthusiastic advantage of a rule allowing legislators' families to borrow books from the Library of Congress. Being aware even then of the uncertainties of politics and being anxious to make full use of the Library while he was eligible, young Clay became an exceedingly fast reader. When he was older, and engaged to be married, his prospective father-in-law lent him a pet book of his. Clay returned it within a couple of hours, murmuring suitable words of gratitude and interest. His fiancée's father was indignant, assuming that the young pup had hardly glanced at the volume, and proceeded to quiz Clay on it. Clay knew all the answers, and in a few in-



stances, thanks to his already tenacious memory, was able to give them in the form of word-for-word quotations. The adult Clay is a man of impeccable deportment, and it is thus not surprising that most of the legends now in circulation about his boyhood credit him with having behaved in a manner somewhat less than exemplary. One of these has it that he and a schoolmate once demonstrated their distaste for discipline by hurling their teacher in Marietta through a closed second-story window. According to Clay, who has a scrupulous regard for facts, the episode has been much exaggerated; it was a first-story window, the window was open, and the teacher just happened to slip and fall through it during a classroom scuffle that began when he gave Clay's friend a whipping of intolerable severity.

There were no professional soldiers among Clay's immediate antecedents, but one of his brothers had gone to West Point (he died of malaria acquired in the Philippines), and in 1914 Lucius was offered an appointment to that citadel of discipline by the senator who had succeeded his father. It had not previously occurred to Clay to become a soldier, but inasmuch as his mother was only moderately well off and his prospects for a college education anywhere else were fairly dim, he accepted gladly. He entered the Military Academy in 1915 and graduated in 1918, the curriculum having been abbreviated for his class because of the war in Europe. His antipathy toward discipline accompanied him to West Point. For infractions of one regulation or another, he frequently found himself obliged to march around after hours in solitary penance—to "walk the area," in West Point terminology. His crimes included conspiring to smuggle in a phonograph for a clandestine gathering of some of his classmates, an offense then considered heinous at the Academy. Even though he walked the area until midnight of the day preceding his graduation, he still failed by a few hours to march off all the ambulatory penalties that had accrued in his name, but since there was a war on, the authorities magnanimously cancelled the balance. His over-all standing in his class was a creditable twenty-seventh in a group of a hundred and thirty-seven, but in his three years he never stood higher than one-hundred-and-eleventh in "Conduct," and one term he stood one-hundred-and-thirty-second.

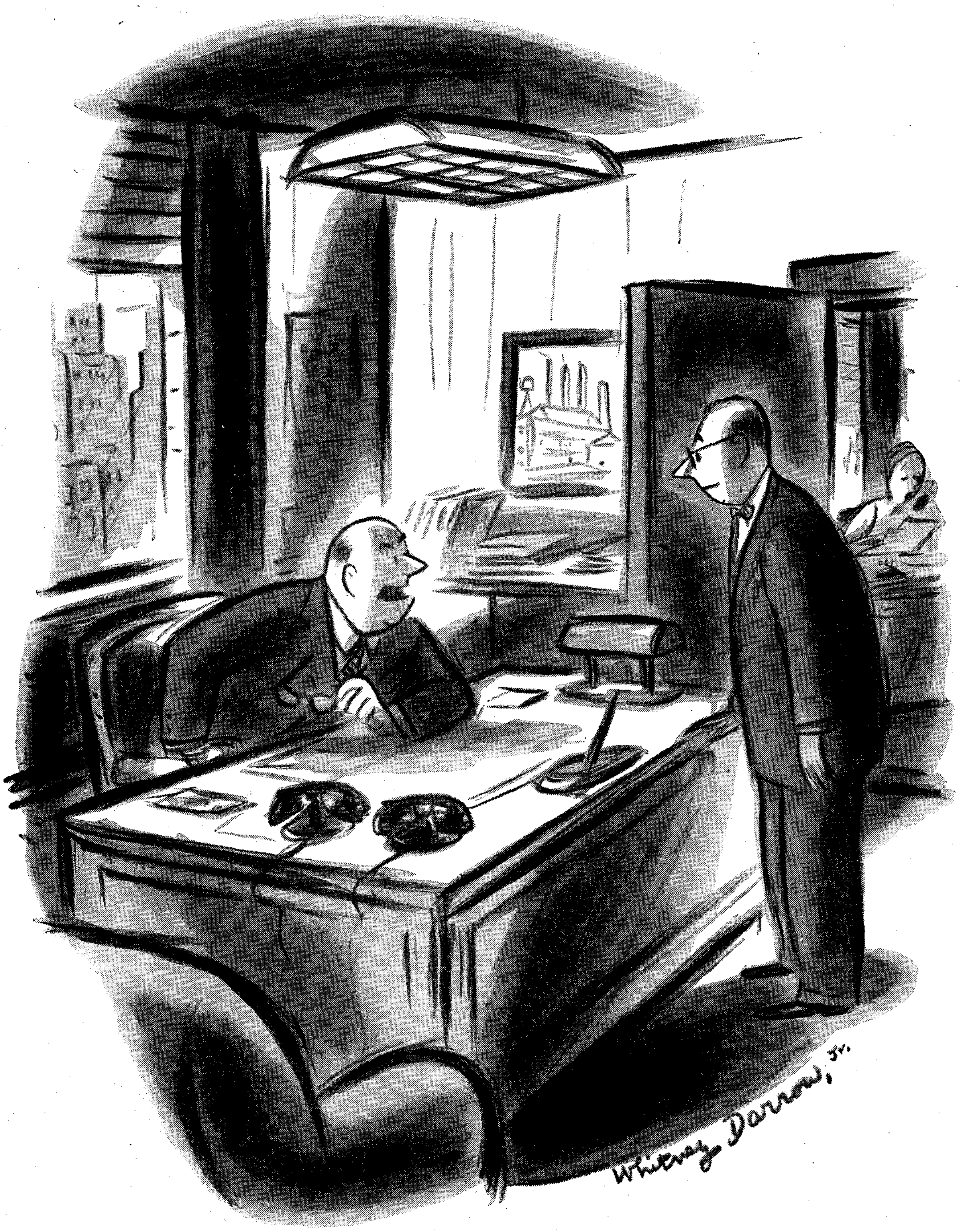
On the day of a cadet hop, in 1918, Clay had agreed to help out a classmate who was himself obliged to walk the area by welcoming to the institution a girl the miscreant had invited to the dance. The young lady was Marjorie McKeown, who lived in Newark and whose father was the president of a button-manufacturing company. She arrived by bus, tripped as she was disembarking, and was saved from a nasty spill by the alertness of her escort's stand-in. The grateful Miss McKeown scarcely gave another thought to her date for the dance, who is now a retired brigadier general, and in September of 1918 she married Clay. Like many other West Point families, the Clays have an extremely sentimental regard for the General's alma mater. They have two sons, both West Point graduates, one now an Air Force lieutenant colonel and the other an Armored Force major. Ever since the



boys were tots, their mother, who is currently a handsome, gray-haired grandmother, has faithfully affixed to the front door of whatever quarters the family has occupied three gummed windshield stickers in the shape of Army mules, emblematic of her husband and her children. The General and his wife at present occupy elegant quarters in an apartment house at 1040 Fifth Avenue, where they share a private elevator landing with another family. Soon after the Clays moved in, Mrs. Clay affixed her three mules. The elevator operators seemed startled, and a few days later, possibly by coincidence, the landing was repainted and the mules disappeared. Mrs. Clay, who lived in Berlin throughout the blockade, was not daunted, and promptly put up a new set of mules. These have not yet been molested.

ON the day he graduated from West Point, Clay was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers, and because that branch of the service had been greatly expanded during the war, creating many vacancies, he was simultaneously promoted to first lieutenant and to captain. He was to advance no further for the next twenty-two years. There were not only few promotions to major for Engineer officers in the period between World Wars but few Engineer troops for officers of that branch to command. Consequently, Clay devoted a good deal of his time to such essentially nonmilitary tasks as building dams and fighting floods. He presently became recognized as one of the country's river-and-harbor experts, both within the Army and, since for four years in the middle thirties he represented the Chief of Engineers at congressional-committee hearings on river-and-harbor bills, in the outside world as well. One of the first steps he took in Germany in 1945 was to order that part of the Rhine within the United States zone cleared of sunken ships and barges and collapsed bridges, so that it could again be navigated, a restorative move that to a man with a less watery background might not have seemed so urgent. It may also have been because of Clay's specialized past that at two parties he attended early in the Occupation, when Russian and American officers were wont to blend their voices in forthright harmony, the principal numbers rendered were "Ol' Man River" and "The Volga Boatmen."

In the summer of 1938, Clay was assigned to begin the construction of a fifty-million-dollar dam across the Red River near Denison, Texas, on the Oklahoma border, and got mixed up in a contretemps that gave him a chance to exhibit, in a small way, the imperviousness to hovering aggression he was later to show in Berlin. The dam had been authorized by Congress at the instance of, among others, Representative Sam Rayburn, whose home is near Denison, but the governor of Oklahoma wanted no part of it. He maintained that the lake created by obstructing the river would inundate valuable oil and agricultural properties in southern Oklahoma, and that this would be a violation of states' rights. Proponents of the dam maintained that the amounts offered by the federal government in reimbursement for the swamped land were more than adequate, and that the


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"The fact is, I've always considered you one of my most valued employees, Jessup, and one of the reasons is that you've never badgered me about a raise."

as a cream
as a liquid
as a mask

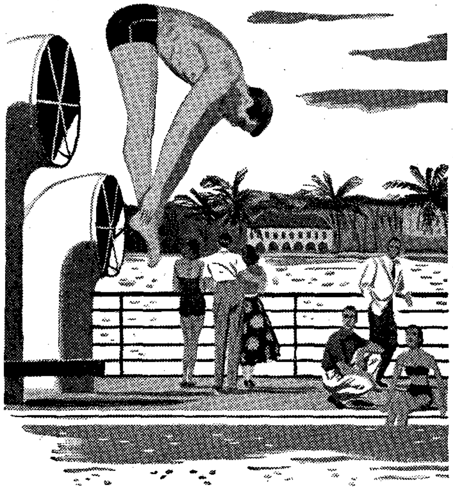
I never dreamed
I'd look this young
at my age

● I'd often wondered how I would look as I grew older ... wondered how long my skin would remain soft and smooth and youthful-looking.
But — no need to wonder now ...
my Revenescence-cared-for-skin belies the years more beautifully than even I had ever hoped.

REVENESCENCE

Charles of the Ritz

Cruise in Luxury
TO THE EXOTIC
West Indies AND
South America



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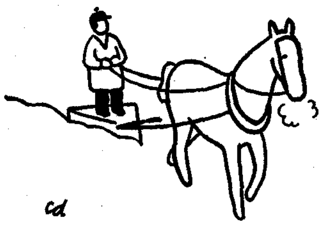
Oklahomans were too greedy. Whatever the case, the outraged governor called Clay in and warned him that unless work on the dam were halted voluntarily, he would mobilize the Oklahoma National Guard and halt it by force. Clay had no Engineer troops under his command, or troops of any other kind. Nevertheless, ignoring the threat of the massed might of the Sooner State, he went calmly ahead with the dam. Ultimately, the governor of Oklahoma decided not to mobilize and went instead to the courts, where Clay was upheld. When Clay was called away from that job in 1940 to supervise a Civil Aeronautics Authority program for the development of a hundred million dollars' worth of airplane-landing facilities, the Denison paper headlined its account of his departure with "DENISON'S LOSS NATION'S GAIN."



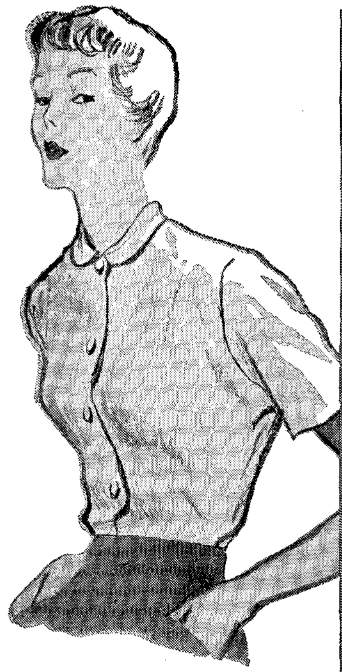
Not long after Clay was thus publicly singled out for the first time as a figure of national consequence, he was shifted to the Army's Services of Supply headquarters. For nearly three years, he operated as top deputy to General Brehon B. Somervell, holding a number of official titles and being, in effect, the military's chief purchasing agent. He served also as the Army's spokesman on the War Production Board, which decided how much of what should be used for military purposes and how much for nonmilitary. At its meetings, Clay took the unyielding position that, with a war on, the Army came first, and supported his contention with so copious a barrage of facts from the tidy arsenal of his memory that he usually had his way. Even some businessmen who considered themselves discriminated against because of his single-mindedness were impressed by him. "After I had been battling with Clay for several months," one of them remarked recently, "I concluded that it must have been someone just like him who originally inspired the association of the adjective 'grudging' with the noun 'admiration.'"

The chairman of the W.P.B. was Donald M. Nelson. His two principal deputies were Clay's present chief, Mr. Wilson—who was then, as he was until he resigned to take up his current job, president of General Electric—and Sidney J. Weinberg, senior partner of the investment-banking house of Goldman, Sachs & Company. Wilson and Weinberg were already well acquainted, being neighbors in Scarsdale; Clay got to be quite friendly with both. Last summer, the three men often played around the links together at the Scarsdale Golf Club; last month, when Wilson was named director of the Office of Defense Mobilization, he promptly picked his two golfing cronies as his chief aides. It is unlikely that any previous federal agency has been headed up by a triumvirate so steeped in amiable athletic rivalry and in mutual esteem. Weinberg, who has had a hand in the financing of many large corporations, once told a friend, in the process of paying ardent tribute to Clay, "He's an annoying competitor on the last three holes, when the chips are really down, but I must say that he's got one of the finest minds I know of. He's got an industrial mind."

IN October, 1944, by which time Clay had advanced to the rank of major general, he was summoned to Europe by General Eisenhower, with whom he had been closely associated, just prior to his Denison assignment, when they had both done a hitch on General MacArthur's staff in the Philippines. Eisenhower wanted Clay to expedite the delivery to his combat forces of supplies coming in through Cherbourg, where a bottleneck had developed. Clay doubled the rate of the flow of cargo in three weeks. Military men who stand in awe of his efficiency are apt to cite, as a minor but typical example of his incisive methods, his handling of a request made to him at that time by another general, stationed in Paris, who phoned Clay at Cherbourg, said he had half a dozen cases of Scotch arriving on the next transport, and asked him to expedite the flow of that particular cargo toward its destination. "For old times' sake, Lucius," he said, "I'll let you keep out two bottles for yourself." Clay speeded the shipment along but, by way of letting it be known that the busy commander of a bustling port could not be expected to concern himself with such frivolous matters for a petty compensation, kept three cases for himself.

After Clay had got things straightened out at Cherbourg, Eisenhower, who was disturbed by a shortage of artillery ammunition, directed him and another general to look into that situation, report on it in person to Washington, and prod laggard manufacturers into speeding up production. Clay returned reluctantly to the United States, having hoped for a battle command and fearing that once he showed up in Washington, somebody would grab him for something less directly combative. His apprehension proved well founded; he was promptly named deputy to James F. Byrnes, director of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, an influential, if not terribly warlike, agency. Since the fighting in Europe was by then apparently nearing its final stages, a good many businessmen were more interested in reconversion than in mobilization. It was Clay's contrary opinion that it would be inappropriate to start planning for reconversion before the European war had actually ended, and by sticking firmly to this viewpoint, as well as by getting the O.W.M.R. to clamp down hard on the operators of race tracks, baseball parks, night clubs, and other recreational centers, he enhanced the reputation for toughness that he had acquired on the War Production Board. Byrnes, who was then, and still is, a close friend of Clay's, was second only to President Roosevelt in running the domestic affairs of the country, and was widely known as the Assistant President. Clay was less widely known by, but no less deserving of, the title of Assistant Assistant President, and during the Yalta Conference, when both Roosevelt and Byrnes were abroad for a couple of weeks, he was, in at least a hierarchical sense, the Chief Executive of the United States.

IN April, 1945, Clay returned to Europe, as Deputy Military Governor-elect of the United States Occupation Zone of Germany, a country he had briefly visited twice, between World Wars, but with whose history, language, and traditions he was pretty much unfamiliar. (At the start of the Occupation, upon learning that many professional men in Germany were customarily addressed as "Doctor," Clay took to addressing practically all male natives with whom he came in contact in this fashion, and he kept it up the entire time he was there.) Clay did not titularly become Military Governor until March, 1947, being up to then deputy, first to General Eisenhower and then to General Joseph T. McNarney, but during his whole four-year—and controversial—stay in Germany he was, in effect, the man who ran American Military Government there, and his name got to be as intimately associated with that region as the name of General MacArthur, who had a head start on him by virtue of never having been anyone's deputy, got to be with



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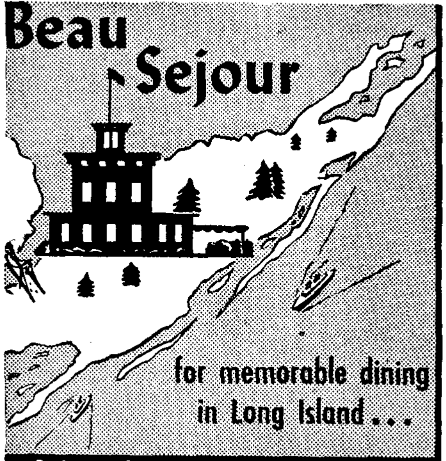

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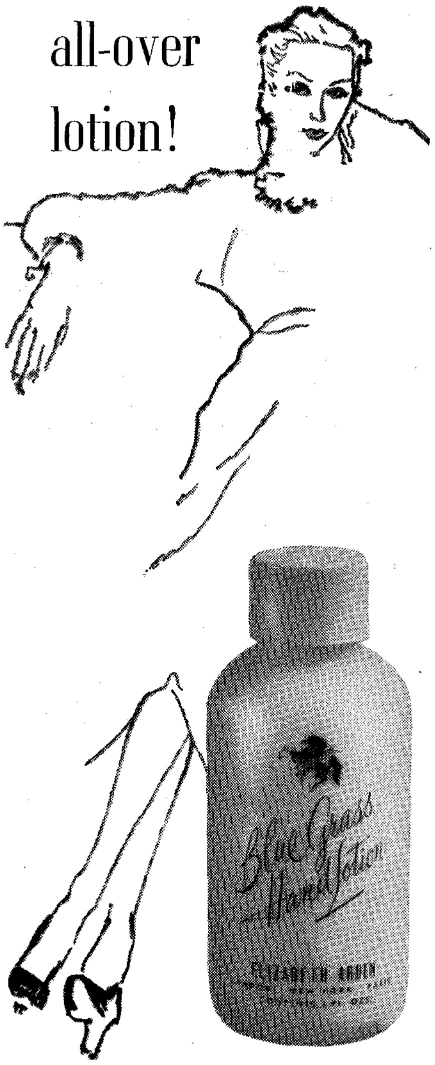

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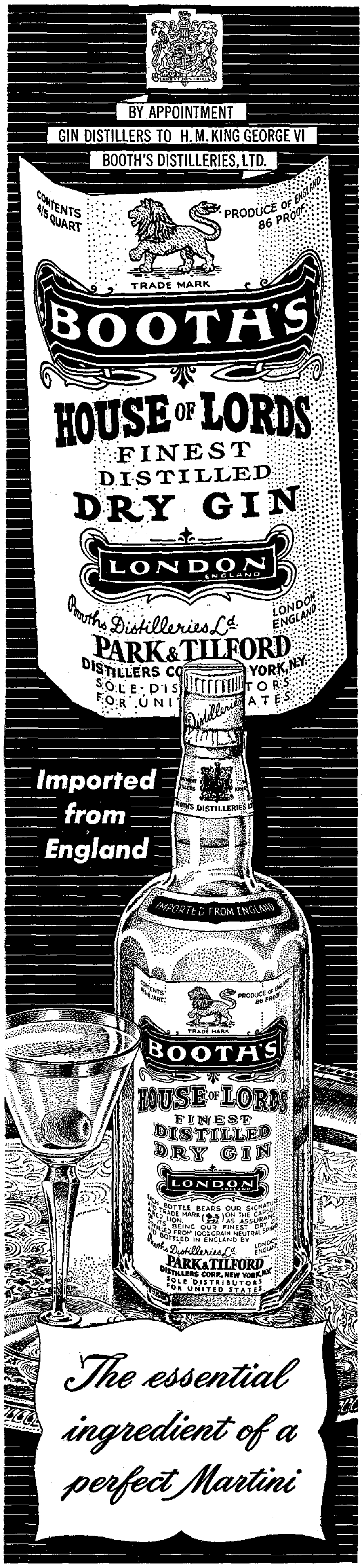
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Japan. MacArthur, like Clay, has in the last few years been likened to Julius Caesar, but however much the two may resemble Caesar, they don't much resemble each other. Unlike MacArthur, who hasn't visited any part of Japan but Tokyo since his Occupation started, Clay travelled all over Germany, with the same peripatetic diligence he was later to display on behalf of Continental Can. On practically all his trips, he was accompanied by Robert Murphy, who, with the rank of ambassador, was the State Department's main functionary in Germany and Clay's chief political adviser, as well as his principal adversary at gin rummy, which the two of them played spiritedly while flying around Europe. It is doubtful whether MacArthur plays gin rummy with anybody. In view of the notorious thoroughness with which Clay conducts inspections, it is widely conceded that Ambassador Murphy has looked in on more Army latrines than any other diplomat extant.

Clay's job differed most importantly from MacArthur's, of course, in that while MacArthur was, and is, Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers in Japan, Clay represented only one-quarter of what was supposed to be, through the Allied Control Council, a four-power occupation of Germany. On quite a few critical matters, Clay's instructions from his government were either cloudy or nonexistent, and, for better or worse, he had to improvise his policies as he went along. He had been instructed to try to get on with the Russians, and for a while he got on splendidly with them, achieving a relationship of such mutual trust with Marshal Vassily Sokolovsky, his opposite number for many months, that they occasionally made do with just one interpreter—whosever happened to be handiest. Even Sokolovsky's wife got into the spirit of things; in the early, genuinely quadripartite days, she used to grasp Mrs. Clay's hand at formal dinners and press it warmly, as if to demonstrate that Big Power unity need not be confined to the plenipotentiaries of the male sex.

At the start of the Occupation, Clay was a stern conqueror, so awesome even to his own household staff in Berlin that when he once inadvertently kept his foot on the dining-room buzzer throughout most of a meal, his servants were afraid to tell him about it and forestalled a recurrence of the situation by secretly engaging an electrician to rip the buzzer out. In time, the Germans, both in and out of his residence, grew less frightened of him, and even became fond of him, especially after they had come to look upon him as the leading exponent of the view that the recovery of Europe, and the preservation of the West from the inroads of the East, depended in large measure on the reëstablishment in Germany—or in West Germany, at least—of economic self-sufficiency and human dignity. It was Clay's conviction that to force an understanding of political democracy on the Germans by outside pressure would necessitate a full-scale occupation of around fifty years' duration, and that the American taxpayers, through their agents in Congress, would never stand for any such protracted educational program. Accordingly, he turned to a cardinal principle of progressive education: "Learn by doing." As in the case of a child schooled by progressive methods, the effects of Clay's espousal of this doctrine may not be calculable for a generation or so.

In keeping with his policy of letting the Germans try to rehabilitate themselves, Clay refused to revoke the license of a German newspaper that had been vigorously castigating him; he said that the best way for the Germans to comprehend the advantages of a free press was to have one. He also refused to approve an economic plan under which German labor would have been granted a voice in the management of German business; he said that if the Germans, once they were given full political independence, wanted to endorse Socialism, that would be up to them, but that as long as he was Military Governor, he had no intention of pushing them into such a setup—a setup, incidentally, that he, as a conservative in economics, happens to disapprove of. Some Germans, conditioned by experience to egregious behavior on the part of their rulers, seemed disappointed that Clay did not act the part of a conqueror with more éclat. He is one of the few military governors on record who have made it a practice to hold regular press conferences and admit correspondents regardless of their nationality or political stripe. After one such session a German reporter wrote a story indicating his astonishment that Clay, upon running out of cigarettes, had casually bummed a smoke from an American newspaperman in the room. Later, an American asked the German why he had considered the incident worthy of publication. "You don't understand," the German said. "If one of *our* generals had wished a cigarette while holding a conference in Paris in 1941, there would have been a Wehrmacht sergeant standing behind him with a silver cigarette box." "You don't understand General Clay," the American replied, and let the matter rest.

Early in 1948, Clay was anxious to retire from the Army, or, as he once phrased it in response to an inquiry about his future, to go catfishing in the Chattahoochee River—a stream that drifts past Marietta and on the banks of which he often lounged as a boy. Just before the Russians tried to isolate Berlin, in the summer of that year, he was so hopeful of being released that he sent most of his military wardrobe back to the United States and ordered two civilian outfits. Then came the blockade, and Clay, after deciding, despite the gloomy predictions of failure made by most of the experts he consulted, that the United States forces could and would stick it out, informed his wife that he and she would be staying on, too. "You can't," she replied. "You haven't any pants." Clay managed to pick up a couple of pairs of Army trousers to tide him over, and the Atlanta *Constitution*, which had been looking forward to his homecoming because it wanted him to go into politics and maybe become the Deep South's first President, ran a consolatory editorial, entitled "The Catfish Can Wait." (Clay has since stated flatly that he will never run for any public office.)

At around the time Clay expressed his wish to retire, the New York *Times* said, in an editorial eulogy, that if it were the American practice, as it is the British, to elevate eminent soldiers to the peerage, there could be no more suitable title for him than "Viscount Clay of Berlin," and the Atlanta *Constitution*, after chiding the human inhabitants of Georgia for seeming insufficiently grateful for his achievements, added, "We hope, when he does come, the fish will be biting in a manner expressive of their appreciation of his services to the State and the Nation." When Clay finally did retire, shortly after the blockade was lifted, and turned up in Georgia, after getting a rousing welcome both in Washington and in New York, he was treated to a barbecue in Marietta attended by eight thousand people, who consumed forty-four hundred pounds of pork, but he didn't have a chance to go catfishing, even though one float in a parade honoring him was enticingly bedecked with a pole, a pail of live bait, and a jug of corn. He hasn't found time for any catfishing yet.

While writing his book on Cape Cod, Clay was offered a number of jobs, and

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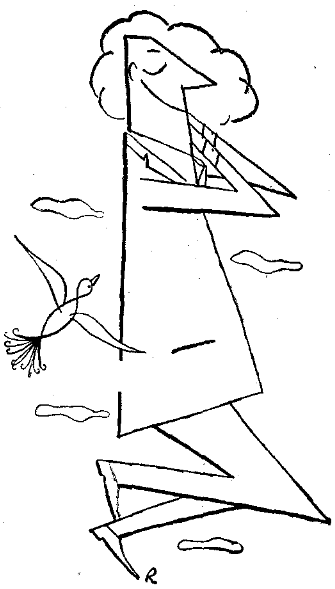

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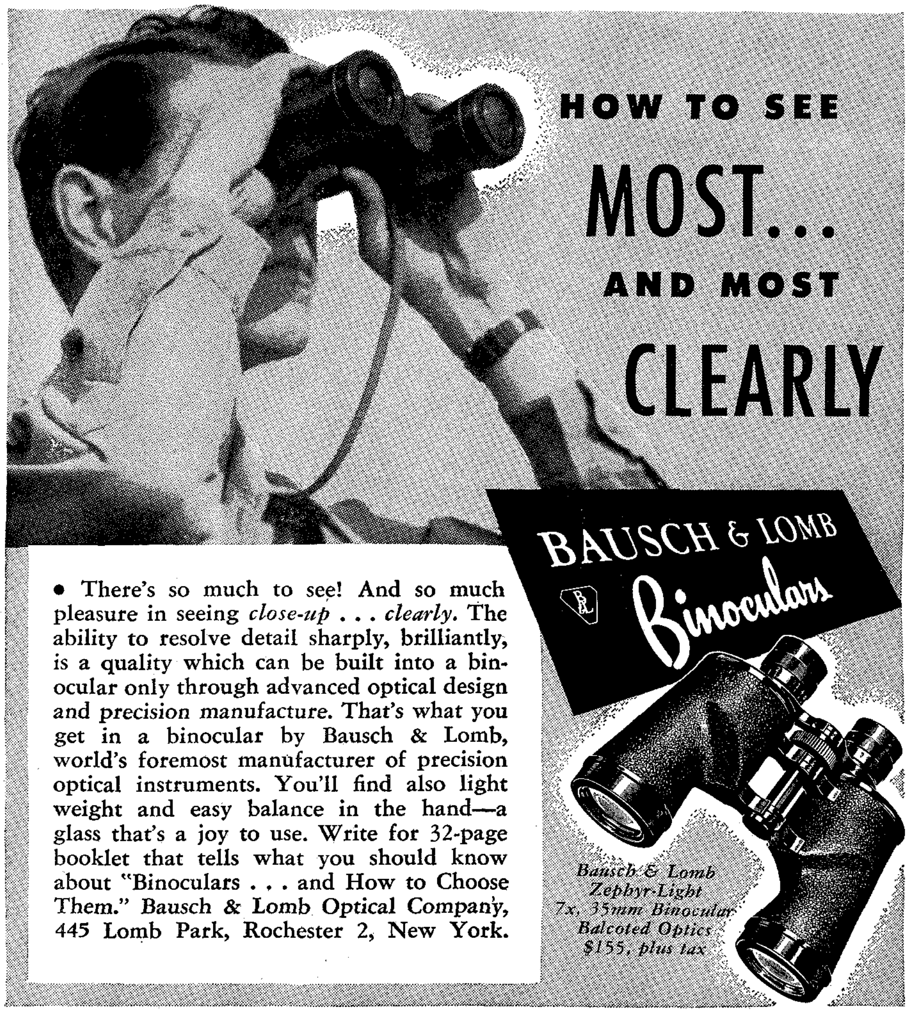
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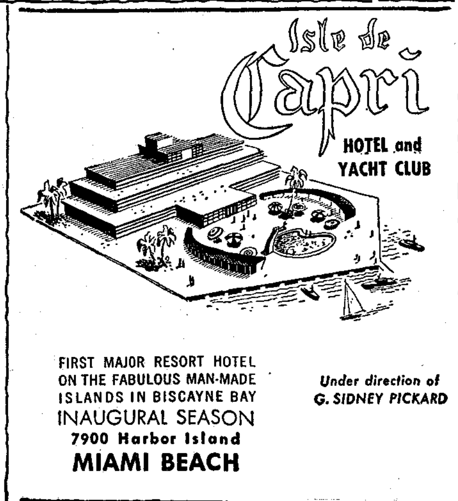
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in November, 1949, he chose that of president of the Ecusta Paper Corporation, a concern near Asheville, North Carolina, that manufactures cigarette papers. He had been with it only two months when Ecusta was taken over by a munitions company. Clay could have stayed on, but he resigned, on the ground that it would be unbecoming for a retired Army officer to be involved with munitions makers, particularly an officer who had handled government purchasing contracts during the war and who might conceivably be some day handling them again—as, of course, he is doing right now. It happened that at just about the time of Clay's resignation Carle C. Conway, the chairman of the board of Continental Can, decided to retire from that position. Sidney Weinberg was, and is, a director of that corporation, and at his urging Clay was invited to succeed Conway. He accepted, and in amazingly short order had assimilated enough knowledge of the company's operations to be able to converse intelligently about even such comparatively modest Continental sidelines as paper cottage-cheese containers. When Clay joined the outfit, Conway insisted that the new chairman of the board establish himself in the retiring chairman's office, a spacious and handsomely furnished chamber. Clay, who has never cared much one way or the other about fancy trappings and who while stationed in Washington during the war was one of the few high-ranking denizens of the Pentagon without a rug in his office, was then asked if he would like the chairman's room redecorated, and if so, how. He said it looked fine to him as it was. On being pressed to have it fixed up to suit his personal taste, he volunteered to handle the modifications himself; so far, he has done nothing beyond installing photographs of three friends—President Truman, General Marshall, and Ernest Bevin. "We soon came to realize that it wouldn't have mattered a hang to him if we'd offered him a desk in the lobby," one of his associates at Continental Can remarked the other day. "He's a very strong fellow wherever he sits."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

Q.—What is the largest and oldest living thing in the United States?

A.—The National Park Service says it is the General Sherman Tree, Sequoia National Park. It is estimated to be 4000 years old, is 37,310 ft. at its greatest diameter and 273,910 ft. high.—*Boston Traveler.*

Next question.

THE THEATRE

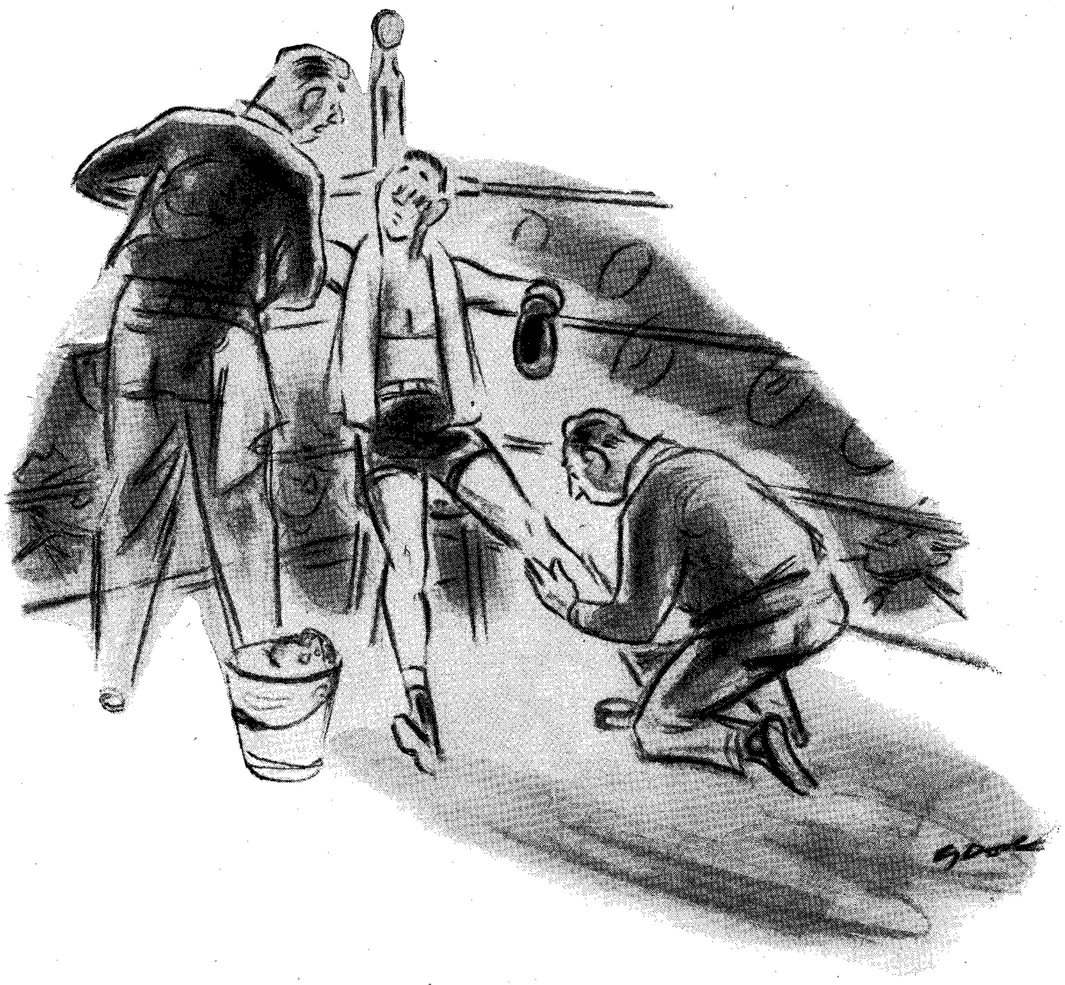
DEATH AND HONOR

PHILIP BARRY'S "Second Threshold," I think, contains nearly everything that always made him a trial and a delight to his admirers. There is the kind of writing of which no other author of his time was quite capable; there is a definition of character that he alone could command; and there is, along with these virtues, an inability to state the exact purpose of his work, and an occasional tendency to lapse into a florid or a whimsical method of expression, that can be only distressing to the judicious. The play at the Morosco will, I should say, often move you and amuse you, but you will still be just a little embarrassed, as everyone is bound to be when a man of talent produces something that is obviously below the true level of his capacity.

Mr. Barry set himself the task of writing a story about a man who wants to die, partly because he has failed the members of his family, especially his daughter, and partly because it is impossible for him to look back on his life, a remarkably successful one, without seeing that too many compromises and evasions have been made, that too many vacant and foolish acts have been committed, and, above all, that the time usually comes to an intelligent and sensitive man when the reasons for wishing to survive are no longer clear. It is a difficult point to make, having a good deal to do with autobiography, and if, now and then, the author slips into a kind of facile self-pity or else into a prose that seems rather more literary and self-conscious than precise and honest, it should be remembered that the peculiar problems of self-revelation, of setting down the sort of man that anyone imagines himself to be, are the hardest an author ever has to face.

The protagonist in "Second Threshold" is Josiah Bolton, a rich and gifted man who, in the course of the late war, performed some important but unspecified service for the government. He is divorced from his wife, but his household in New York still includes his daughter, Miranda, whose life is so bound up with his that if he commits suicide, she wants to die, too. This relationship between a father and a daughter who is determined to save both their lives is the core of the play, and as long as the plot focusses on it, I think that Mr. Barry and Robert E. Sherwood, who did the final editing after his friend's death, manage to be both eloquent and touching, if you can disregard a few speeches that seem to have been included in error, such as Bolton's conversation with what I assumed to be the Spirit of Death outside his living-room window. Unfortunately, however, the piece contains four other characters—Miranda's brother, who has given up a career as a lawyer in favor of acting; a young doctor, who threatens to become her fiancé, replacing a middle-aged Englishman of solid but uninspiring design; a blond charmer, who is entertaining but, I suspect, a trifle monotonous; and an old family retainer, who is practically indistinguishable from any other practitioner of his unhappy trade. These people, with the possible exception of the blonde, haven't anything really very funny or interesting to say, and I'm afraid my attention flagged perceptibly when they were on the stage. This is a captious criticism, if I was ever guilty of one, and I include it only in an attempt to explain the intermittent discontent I felt with a work that was generally regarded with much greater enthusiasm than that displayed here.

Of the performances, I would like to remark, again captiously, that while Clive Brook struck me as almost perfect in the role of Bolton, and Betsy von Furstenberg made me laugh several times as the yellow-haired girl, I wasn't much impressed with the rest—Margaret Phillips, Hugh Reilly, Frederick Bradlee, and Gordon Richards—on the ground, possibly, that good acting consists of a little more than delivering lines clearly and firmly, without any



"Just forget what I told you about keeping your chin up."

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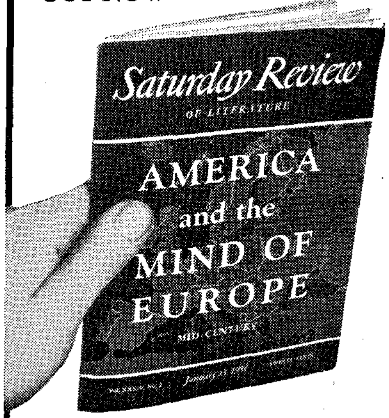

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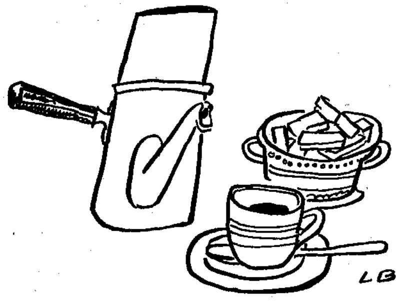
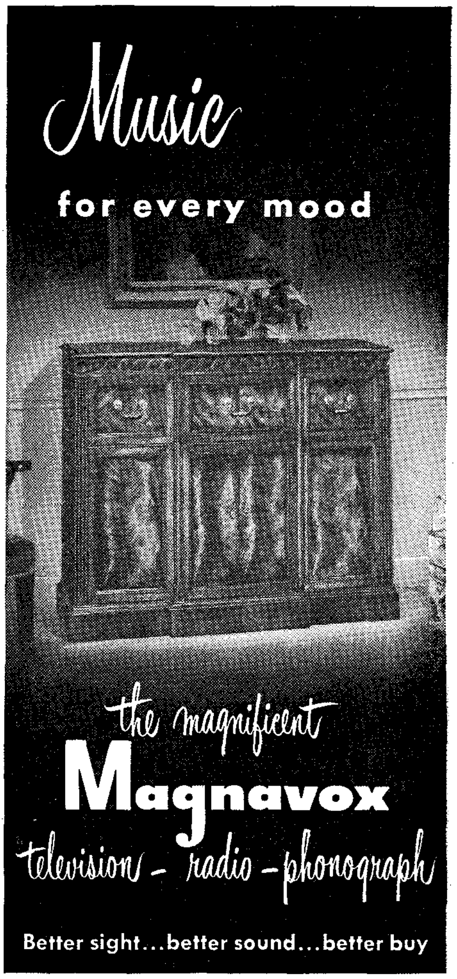
actually useful emphasis, from a fixed position. Alfred de Liagre, Jr., who produced and directed the production, is undoubtedly responsible for much of the failure to bring things to life, but I have a feeling that the writing and acting also had a lot to do with it.

IN "An Enemy of the People," now being revived, Ibsen wanted to make the point that a man of integrity can't hope to overcome the indignation of his community, especially when its business interests are seriously threatened by him. For this purpose, he contrived a play about a scientist who founded a spa and then, convinced that its waters were polluted, tried to warn his fellow-citizens. In 1882, when the play was written, it was probably feasible to present the dilemma of the idealist—the man of scrupulous honor and good will opposed to organized society—in terms exactly as simple as these. Now, however, it seems almost hopelessly archaic. The odds are too heavily stacked against the hero (his only certain ally is a sea captain who has no very clear grasp of what anything is about), the wholesale corruption of the local government and press is too readily taken for granted (there are bad papers these days, I'm sure, but none that would knowingly let its readers in for an epidemic of typhoid), and the assumption that anyone would be literally stoned for attempting a public service seems theatrical in the old-fashioned sense of the word. Altogether, the revival, though the script has been adapted by Arthur Miller, who has "modernized" it by inserting a few astonishing anachronisms, and though it is acted by a cast of unusual ability, still seems to me a misfortune. Ibsen, I know, was dealing with a grave and a timeless conflict, but I can't believe that the basic naïveté of the current rendering can appeal strongly or very long to New York audiences.

In violent contradiction to all this, I want to report that Fredric March's performance in the main role; Florence Eldridge's, as his wife; and Morris Carnovsky's as his brother, the villainous mayor of the town, are as good as any

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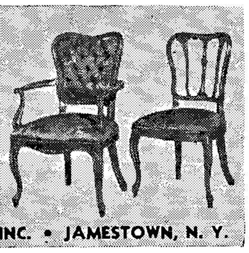

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I ever saw. The settings and costumes, designed by Aline Bernstein, are also superior, though more Norwegian than any others I had been exposed to in a career that goes back almost to the shelling of Fort Sumter.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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. . . *exquisite* gowns and coats and *rowdy* clothes . . . black ones, silk ones, pretty ones, daringly audaciously smart ones, yellow golden imperial things, and dresses you *couldn't* have, *wouldn't* have, long ones, lovely ones, beautiful, gorgeous dresses . . . that would make her exultant.

The chairs on the aisle are for men . . . but *they'll* be nice as always . . .

There'll be a dress so fluffy . . . *listen* . . . you'll ache (if you're milady) to reach and hold whole handfuls in tumbled disarray against your cheeks to find it soft as any prayer (that's what that Carson *lady* said) . . . and, you'll see pagan things to wear to lands as warm as June, as fair as Lesbos . . . and out where the Navajo and the crickets (and you) will sing drowsy, sultry songs . . . and there'll be others for her to wear . . . 'neath the ancient stars to watch the planets spin down on the East Coast, or out Tucson way . . . and then, there'll be a lovely gal who'll wear a dress as blue as whole armfuls of summer's evening skies, with birdsongs in it, and it's tucked in here and tucked some there and it hangs *like this* and swings as she strolls, to do things to you, sirs and ladies, even though you do not need them done . . . that's *exactly* what they said that they looked like . . . then, there'll be a gorgeous blonde who looks like music that's bold and plaintive and sweet (oh yes, she wears a *dinner* gown) . . . and, then there's rowdy, smart sport clothes with luscious pockets for quarters and a pack and golf balls and tees to make you feel gloriously smart and unkempt . . . and, lady, mister, there are *two* that are yellow, or near that color, that are trimmed with straw or buttercup's color and they're startled with belts that are blue and they're worn by witches, maybe, about eighteen or maybe sixteen, we dunno.—*Invitation to a style show at the University Club of Chicago.*

Well, find out.

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat*]

In 1942, while a Lieutenant, he was promoted to Captain presumably because of a plan that saved the use of 250,000 envelopes for the public relations office at Fort Knox, Ky. When the post's stock of envelopes became depleted, Pershall suggested that the press releases be folded, stapled and then addressed on a blank side.

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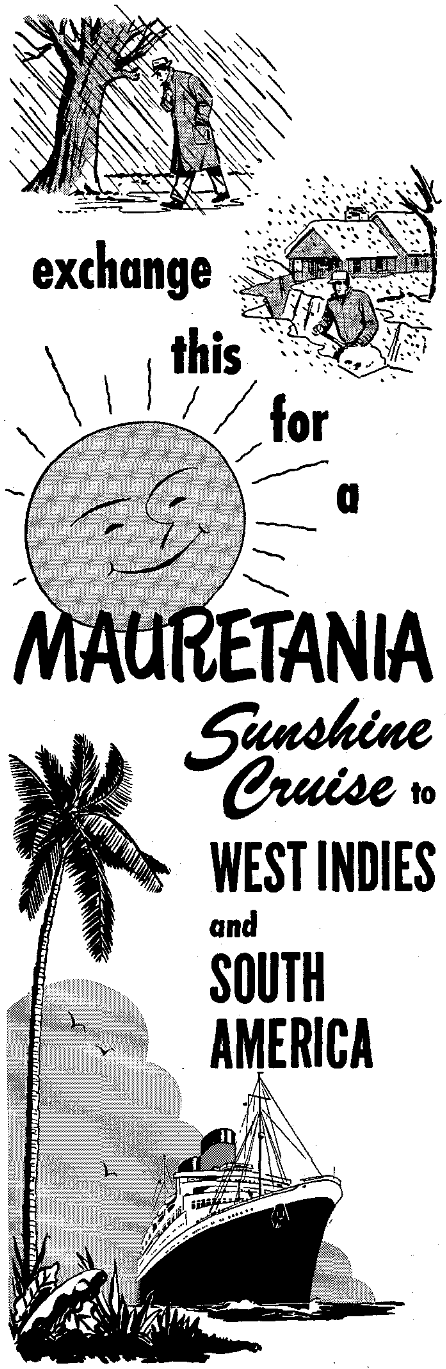

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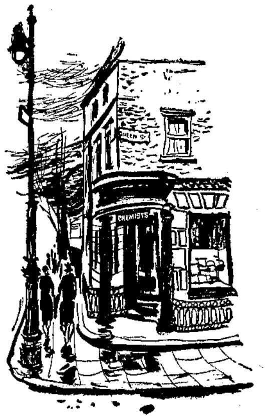
LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 3



THE recent holidays made a queer little breathing space, in which people ate, drank, and tried to pretend that everything was normal before the news from Korea should once again take over. While the uneasy lull lasted, Londoners seemed to concentrate mainly on the worries lying around at home. At Christmas gatherings, the most urgently discussed domestic theme was fuel, which is again an anxious problem to industry and to the ordinary chilly citizen counting the precious lumps in his cellar. The public was recently warned to keep its hands off that electric-heater switch, under pain of causing a power shortage that might, in turn, cause fatal accidents in factories. There was a good response to this, although it had been snowing heavily over most of the country. The miners, having delivered their season's compliments with a record pre-Christmas tonnage, followed up immediately with a dour New Year rise in absenteeism, just to show that no one need imagine they feel all that much better about anything. At an hour that most citizens think is somewhat late in the day, the Prime Minister has called upon the chiefs of the National Union of Mineworkers to meet and try to figure out a way for this country to lay its hands on more of the coal that, paradoxically, it is so rich in. Meanwhile, the Government sent out its own highly unpopular greeting card with a cut in the meat ration, which hit a singularly ill-timed low, because of continued official resistance to the Perón government's beef prices. Lots of British complain, with non-vegetarian impatience, that such troubles will constantly crop up until Whitehall stops trying to do the family marketing, but it's hard to see how any government, Socialist or otherwise, could or would get back on the old private-trading basis when events are moving toward more controls, not fewer.

IF the majority of Londoners seemed to have made up their minds to put off thinking about less parochial anxieties until after Christmas, they had a nasty backlog to catch up on. The Hoover speech and similar isolationist utterances (including that of Britain's old friend Mr. Kennedy) produced a wave of alarm here and across the Channel, but Mr. Dulles' broadcast did go some way toward quieting things down. The papers had only just finished congratulating the nation on standing at last on its own feet, without the prop of Marshall aid. (While expressing warm thanks to the American people, most of the editorials realistically pointed out that the British achievement of financial independence at a date that a short time back would have seemed downright unbelievable good news was, of course, largely the result of American stockpiling in answer to the world's bad news.) Now much of the newspaper comment, not to mention the talk of ordinary people everywhere, sounds as though many Britons are afraid of being left standing in a highly vulnerable spot on what George Orwell prophetically christened Airstrip One.

There have been plenty of voices reasonably warning that to avoid any such chilling possibility it would be a good idea if the British and their neighbors gave some proof of being up and doing in their own front yard. Most citizens seem to have only a hazy notion of what this will involve. To provide a few advance hints, the public has just been told of a speedup in calling the next two classes of National Service recruits and of the peaceful metal objects that it will be difficult to buy from now on (which, of course, started a little rush of domestic stockpiling of everything from washtubs to hairpins). No one in the Government has yet had the courage, though, to speak out and tell people how and why and where the screw of defense rearmament is going to start squeezing down on everyday life. The painful dilemma of the authorities is understandable. For the last few years, the belief that things would steadily get better has buoyed the British up to accepting austerity patiently, and to be regeared to the idea that they must now and for an indefinite time accept a slowing down, if not a flat reversal, of this program will be bitter indeed.

According to some, the present calm here is the result of the nation's having become so hardened to crisis after crisis following on the protracted misery of the war that it can't get worked up in a hurry over anything, however grave or

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pressing. There are also those who think that the country is suffering from a lack of leadership and who speak hopefully of the psychological change that Eisenhower's arrival in Europe should bring. At any rate, many concerned Britons hope that as soon as Parliament reassembles, later this month, they will be given a few less sketchy answers to all the questions on defense plans that the folks at home, no less than their friends abroad, would feel better for having firmly answered.

WITH everything so sombre, the theft of the Coronation Stone from Westminster Abbey on Christmas morning has provided Londoners with a topic of discussion that might in contrast be called light, though the general—and, certainly, the official—reaction was not one of amusement. Bar the *Daily Worker*, which came out with the cheerful to-the-barricades headline "SCOTLAND HITS BACK FOR 1296," the press treated the outrage with deep solemnity, pointing out that under British law the sacrilege could be punished by a life sentence. The *Times* described the act as a "coarse and vulgar crime," and the Manchester *Guardian* uniquely snorted, "Need we English be much wounded by the loss of the stone if it is never recovered? We have a far better and more respectable one of our own, the King's Stone, now at Kingston-on-Thames, on which the Saxon kings were crowned. There is a better tradition behind that than behind the miserable piece of Scottish stone used as magic by barely civilized Irish and Scottish kings in an age of barbarism." Readers' letters to the *Times* did not reveal any such consoling thought. The tone was set by a correspondent who bewailed that nothing could be "better calculated to comfort our enemies and dismay our friends" than the pilfering of the Stone of Destiny. A correspondent who was brash enough to suggest in the *Times* that swiping the treasure under the very nose of Scotland Yard was an adventure that couldn't fail to warm the heart, however much the head disapproved, was jumped upon promptly by infuriated readers. To help squash any tendency to smile that the wounded English might be showing, the B.B.C. killed a few mild references to the Stone in radio comedians' scripts. A large section of the child population of Kensington Gardens, an equally large section of the dog population, and the adults accompanying both contingents gathered on a

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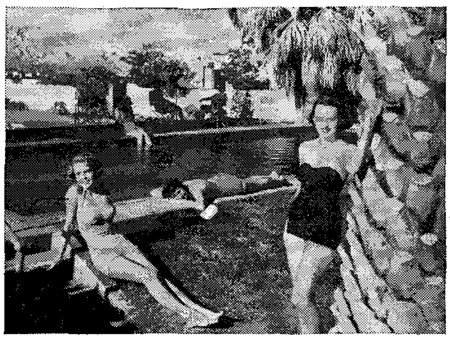

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freezing day last week to watch the police laboriously trying to fish out of the icy Serpentine a heavy object that, so an anonymous phone caller had informed them, had been chucked off the bridge at a suitably suspicious hour. Amid the chipper criticisms offered by the public, who cheered every time the law's hats fell into the water and quipped that the Scots ought to refer the whole thing to the United Nations, the policemen hauled out an old safe, a park refuse bin, and, finally, a nice slab of concrete, clearly unconnected with magic or destiny.

Plenty of Scots are having an irritable start to their New Year trying to untangle the complexities of the Scottish home-rule movement (which is thought to be not uninterested in the Stone's disappearance and which numbers among its leading enthusiasts the Duke of Montrose and Compton Mackenzie) for the benefit of the bone-headed English, who are apt to confuse the shrill "Patriots" with the more moderate "Covenanters." The Scottish Covenant Movement wants a separate Scottish Parliament but still wants to remain within the United Kingdom, on the lines of Northern Ireland (the more extreme Patriots would like to cut away entirely), and its members recently drummed up over a million and a half signatures to their article of faith saying so. Many of the Movement's serious supporters, while they take a strong view of the ethics of church-robbing, say also that they hope somehow or other the Stone, wherever and whenever it bobs up, will prove to be the stepping stone on which they can rise to higher things—to self-government, principally, while doffing the bonnet loyally to His Majesty over the border. To the English these dark days, the affair seems no madder and less gloomy than anything else that is going on in the larger lunacy of the world.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

George Raft tells me his house is not for sale. And he wishes people would stop trying to throw him out. Did you know that George has never seen himself on the screen?—*Hedda Hopper in the News.*

Doesn't dare leave the house, probably.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Ord (Neb.) Quiz*]

The Young Wives bridge club met last Friday evening with Mrs. William Steen. Mrs. Dean Misko was high.

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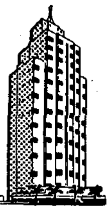

MISSION TO MASSACHUSETTS

IT was one of those brilliantly clear and quite unexpectedly warm winter days—the kind of day that makes a man who lives in the New England countryside want to go outdoors and tinker away at odd jobs, just for the pleasure of working in the sun. In my own case, I had a long list of postponed chores from which to choose. After some deliberation, I decided to repair the driveway gate, which had been sagging badly for many months.

After I had reset the post and affixed the gate to it with new hinges, I wandered back to the house and sat on the porch steps to smoke a cigarette and absorb some more of the sun's rays. As I sat there, pondering what to do next, I saw a long and exceedingly stylish automobile turn in to the driveway. A chauffeur was at the wheel. I stood up and shaded my eyes with my hand, but was unable to identify the occupant of the back seat until the car came to a halt directly in front of the porch. "Damn!" I said to myself when I saw who it was. My wife was away for the day.

Adele Willard, with whom I was about to be stranded, is a vivacious conversationalist but one whose choice of subject matter never fails to bewilder me. She and her husband divide their time between New York, where they have a suite at the Pierre, and such pastoral retreats as the Château Frontenac, the Homestead, and the Castle Harbour. We see this somewhat sheltered pair infrequently, and, as far as I can gather, the only reason their path and ours ever cross is that my wife is constitutionally unable to be anything but friendly toward people who like her as much as Adele seems to. The truth is that offhand I can't think of any couple of our acquaintance with whom we have less in common.

I WENT to greet Adele. The chauffeur had already leaped from his seat and was standing at attention beside the rear door he had opened. "Well, well, look who's here!" I said, with what I hoped was convincing enthusiasm. Adele deluged me with a torrent of meaningless endearments, and I wondered apprehensively whether the chauffeur knew that she talks that way to everyone. As I helped her out of the car, I launched—for the chauffeur's benefit—an earnest explanation of why my wife happened not to be at home.

Adele allowed me to go prosing along for a while and then interrupted me to say, "It doesn't matter a bit, darling! I'm driving to Boston for a wedding tomorrow, and I can easily stop by again on my way back. The reason I decided to drive, instead of taking a plane or train, was that I wanted to drop in and say hello at three or four houses. You aren't the *only* sweet people who live in strange, out-of-the-way places, you know. Pete and Mary Braddock are in a town called Sudbury and apparently are perfectly contented, which *baffles* me! And then there are the Roger Davises and the Hank Weybrights. I only hope Lamson will be able to find them all." She turned to her chauffeur with charming anxiety. "Do you think you will, Lamson?" she asked. He assured Madam that he would do his best. Adele told me firmly that my wife and I must be quite, quite mad to live in such a remote spot. "In fact, my one aim in life is to persuade you two misguided lambs to move back to New York!" she declared.

In an effort to turn the conversation into other channels, I suggested that perhaps she would like a glass of sherry or a highball. She shook her head and continued to prattle about how dreadful it was of us not to live nearer her, inasmuch as she loved us to death. She added that she felt totally crushed at not being able to see my wife until the return trip from Boston. "But anyway, darling, *you're* here, so I couldn't be happier," she said, achieving something really notable in the way of a non sequitur. "It means I can have you all to myself!" This led me to steal another uneasy glance at the chauffeur, but he wore an impassive and almost bored look. "Just let me sit here on the steps with you and smoke a cigarette," Adele said. "What a heavenly day! And at this time of year, too! I saw you enjoying the sun when we turned into the driveway, and I felt so envious." She drew her furs warmly about her, nevertheless. "Wait a minute. Before we sit down, let me look at you." She put her

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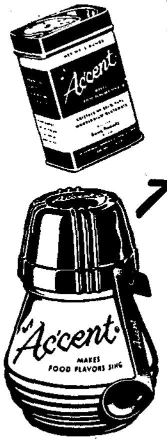

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hands on my shoulders and then stepped back to survey me. "What an absolutely stunning outfit!" she cried. "I wish I could persuade you to give Walter a few pointers about buying sports clothes."

Earlier in the day, I had selected, from a severely limited wardrobe, garments suitable to wear while doing chores around the place. My costume was old and, as a result of many launderings, faded. It was, in fact, indistinguishable from the daily attire of the average laborer in our part of the world. The best I could have said for it was that it was clean.

"These aren't sports clothes, Adele," I said. "They're just odds and ends."

"Now, don't brag," she said playfully. "Did you buy all the parts separately or together?"

"Separately," I said.

"I think it's wonderful when a man goes to a little extra trouble to find colors that blend," she said with approval. "Walter either buys things that match exactly, which I think is so unimaginative, or separate pieces that don't go at all well together. Now, you've combined a sort of rough-weave powder-blue shirt with darker trousers and gotten a simply gorgeous total effect. What kind of shirt *is* it? Is it Basque, or something? I mean, is it an adaptation?"

"No, nothing like that," I said. "It's only a work shirt. I buy them in a store in New Bedford."

"What's the name of the store?" Adele asked at once, and produced from her handbag a tiny leather-covered notebook and a gold pencil.

"The Three Jolly Boys," I said, embarrassed.

"Tell me the address."

"I don't know the address. It's just a store I go to sometimes. It's in a block between two movie theatres."

Adele gave me a reproachful look. "All right, keep it a secret," she said. "I don't blame you for a minute, darling. After all, it's your own discovery and there's no reason why you should let anybody else in on it. But if you had an ounce of humanity, you'd take pity on poor Walter."

"Look, Adele," I said. "Walter can buy an outfit like this in any workmen's-clothing store in any town in the country. All he has to do is look for a Sweet-Orr sign, or something. I don't know what brand the shirt I have on is, but you can look at the label if you want to." Yanking at my already open collar, I turned the inside of the neckband outward, so that she could inspect it.

"Watertown's Big Shirt," she read

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—HOWARD BARNES, Herald Tribune
ALFRED de LIAGRE, JR. presents
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in SECOND THRESHOLD
with
Margaret Phillips
and HUGH REILLY
by PHILIP BARRY
revisions by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
MOROSCO, W. 45 St., Eves 8:40, Mats., Wed. & Sat. 2:40

aloud. "It sounds like Tucson or Phoenix. Lots of the Southwest designers go in for extravagant, amusing names, you know."

"Oh, but it isn't in that category at all," I assured her. "I mean, it isn't stylish or anything."

Adele's eyes narrowed in a not altogether friendly manner. "I hope you're not trying to tell me I don't know style when I see it," she said. "Because I do." Sitting down on the steps, she surveyed the panorama of fields and woodland that lay before her—muted browns, slate-grays, and purples, with even a touch of green still lingering here and there. "Darling, why you live in a wilderness like this will always be the mystery of the ages to me," she said. "Don't you feel too marooned for words?"

"Why, no," I said. "Not especially."

"But what do you do in the winter?"

I explained that there was always plenty of work to be done, both indoors and outdoors. "As a rule, there's a stack of business on my desk, waiting to be attended to. And then there seems to be a perpetual supply of chores, like the one I finished shortly before you drove up—repairing the driveway gate. Actually, there are more chores than ever right now, because the man who's been helping me has just gone into the Army."

Adele indicated the pleasant landscape that stretched in front of us. "But I should think all this would *stifle* you. After all, you can't possibly be having much fun here. Not really. Wouldn't you call it almost a farm?"

"Almost."

"Are there any *people* around and about?"

"Oh, yes. Plenty."

"That's strange. As we were coming along, I didn't see any places that looked as if they amounted to much. But I suppose the really attractive ones are back in the woods, and hidden from the main roads. Secluded."

Belatedly realizing that Adele was talking about estates, I had to explain to her that most of the properties in our vicinity are decidedly unpretentious. I could see that she was truly perplexed. "But, darling, don't you *perish* of boredom?" she inquired earnestly. "If *only* you'd let me prowl around the city and find an attractive apartment for you! I'd make it my one big Cause of the year. Although, I must say, we practically never saw you people when you *were* living in town, except perhaps at dinner once or twice a year. You always seemed to have a job

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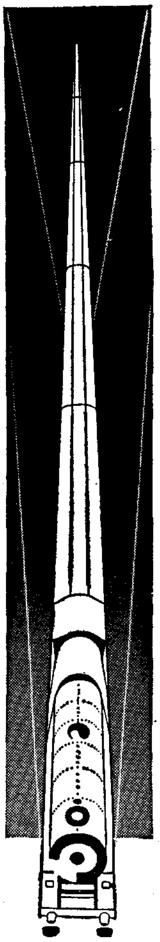
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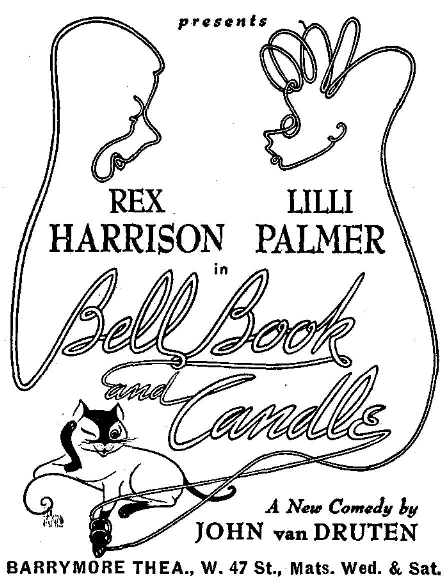
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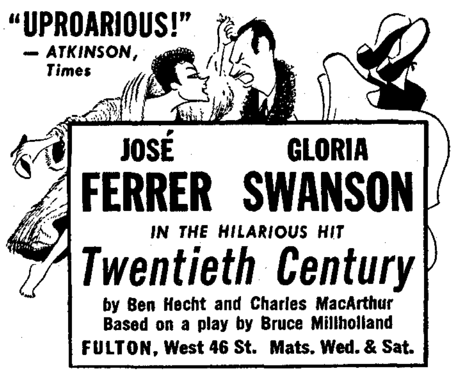
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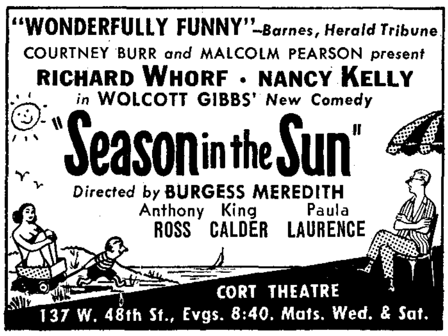
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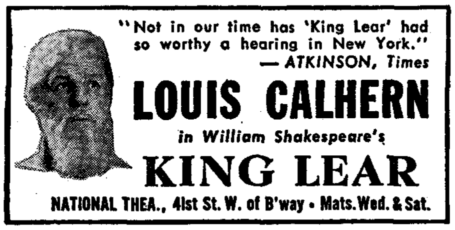
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to finish, or something. The truth is, darling, you holed yourselves up there, and now you're holing yourselves up *here.* It depresses me beyond words to see you two children living in the middle of nowhere, without a soul to talk to. And it's all so needless, because, after all, nobody's *compelling* you to do it."

I tried to assure Adele that our countryside teems with people, most of whom are enthusiastically addicted to conversation, but she didn't seem convinced. "You don't mean natives, do you?" she asked doubtfully, and when I said I did, she murmured with great compassion, "*Mon pauvre enfant!*"

To this, I could only reply testily that in the opinion of many the circumstance of having been born in Massachusetts comes under the heading of supportable afflictions. "But what do you and the people around here talk about?" she demanded.

"Oh, things," I said vaguely. "The international situation and the weather—the weather is a very important matter when you live in the country, you know—and local politics. And sex. In our part of the world, we have quite a few neighbors who lead rather brisk sex lives."

Adele squealed with instant comprehension and delight. "Tell me *all!*" she commanded. "I'd adore to get the real lowdown on desire under the elms and whatnot! You probably know hundreds of fascinating stories about characters who are all twisted and frustrated and O'Neillish."

"I wouldn't say hundreds," I answered guardedly.

"Men falling in love with their mothers-in-law, and daughters having babies by their fathers, and so on," she said in an encouraging tone.

I explained that I had meant episodes of a more conventional kind.

"Give me an example," she said promptly. So great was the forcefulness with which she issued the order that I obeyed, and related the most recent incident that met the specifications. When I had finished, Adele seemed extremely disappointed. "I don't think *that's* so very interesting," she said, almost crossly. "The same thing happens in New York every day. It's simply Peggy Wintrode and her husband's customers' man all over again."

"I'm sorry, but it's the best we can do," I said.

AGAIN Adele surveyed the fields that lie beyond the house, and the wooded hills that rise beyond the fields. "I think it's wonderful the way you pretend to like living here, and even make jokes about it. But, darling, isn't it just a tiny bit unnecessary? I mean you *could* live in town so easily, instead of deliberately going in for—well, isn't 'imprisonment' the only word for it?"

I said shortly that I didn't think it was, quite.

"Well"—she sighed—"I'll simply have to take matters into my own hands and look for an apartment for you; that's all there is to it. The important thing is to get you two back to civilization again."

"Let's forget about apartments and go inside and have that drink I suggested, shall we?" I said, trying to sound as firm about this as she had sounded when demanding a miniature Kinsey Report of neighborhood doings.

"No, darling, I can't," she said with considerable pathos. "A grim-visaged expert at Hudnut's is being *very* brutal to me at the moment. I'm subsisting entirely on steaks and chicken and tomatoes and lettuce and other weird foods. Can't we just sit here and have another cigarette? Then I'll go. I want to find out exactly how stultified you've become, darling, so let's get down to business. Did you see the Sadler's Wells?"

"Not yet," I said. "We have tickets, though."

"Sweet lamb, please don't talk nonsense," she said with infinite reproach. "The Sadler's Wells have *gone.* They went ages ago!"

"I didn't mean New York," I said. "I meant Boston. We have seats for the opening."

"Oh, Boston," she said with a shrug. "*That* wasn't what I meant. You missed the whole point."

"I'm sorry."

She brightened. "Listen, darling, here's what I mean. Suppose something terribly exciting happens in New York, like 'Call Me Madam.' There *it* is and here *you* are. Now, tell me honestly, isn't it a form of living death to know you're out of touch with things?"

"Well, not in the case of 'Call Me Madam,' because we wrote for tickets and they sent them to us, and we went down and saw it the second week. I have to go to New York a couple of times a month anyway, you see, so it isn't exactly a living death."

"You go to New York a couple of times a month," Adele repeated with slow emphasis, and I found myself facing a pair of determinedly grief-stricken eyes. "You go to New York a couple of times a month and never even *phone* us?"

It had been the wrong thing to say, of course. I murmured something about knowing what busy people they always are, and about how they tend to be out of town, visiting one of their favorite resorts.

Adele majestically ignored this. "Where do you stay?"

"Oh, here and there. The Plaza, when they can take us."

"I don't suppose it's ever occurred to you that the Pierre is practically across the street," she said in a high-tragedy voice.

"We always seem to have such a lot of shopping to attend to, and so many—ah—appointments," I said apologetically. I did some frantic memory-searching and then, with an air of triumph, said, "Dentists!"

Adele was silent, and, knowing Adele, I suspected that silence was her idea of the ultimate in punishment. "I won't say any of the things I *might* say," she announced presently. "We'll just leave it at this—if you'll both promise never to do such a cruel thing again, I'll be willing to forgive and forget, and so will Walter."

There was no help for it. I said we'd give them a ring the very next time we were in New York.

"And we'll work out a solution of some kind," Adele said.

"A solution?"

"We'll talk about finding a place in town for you. When I think of that poor child of yours, with her wonderful feeling for life and her God-given clothes sense, living out here in the middle of— Oh, by the way, be sure and tell her I'll stop by on my way back the day after tomorrow, probably in the afternoon. I don't know why I'm going to this ridiculous wedding anyway, except that it seemed a good excuse to stop and see various people. Where was I? Oh, yes. That darling lamb! I don't see *how* you could do such a thing to her as"—Adele included the entire view from the porch in a comprehensive gesture—"as *this!*"

It annoys me, perhaps unreasonably, to hear my wife described as a child. She is a fully grown woman.

"I don't see what I've done to her that's so terrible," I said sullenly.

Adele seemed pleased with herself, possibly because she had made me angry. "My dear, you've *buried* her!" she said with impressive solemnity. "I won't mince words, because that's exactly what you've done. You've *buried* the child! Now let's not say anything

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more about it, at least not for the time being. *C'est tout fini.* Give me just one more cigarette, and we'll have a cozy little talk and be friends again. And then I'll literally have to dash. There's something I've absolutely got to tell you about before I go. You'll never guess what I did yesterday. I wandered into the Downtown Gallery, merely intending to look around and then wander right out again, and what do you suppose? Darling, I bought the *eeriest* non-objective painting! Wasn't that a totally mad thing for me to do? Walter will unquestionably kill me as soon as he finds out about it. He'll murder me with a blunt instrument in a fit of pure savagery!"

WHEN my wife returned that evening, I told her that Adele had called and would be stopping at our house again two days later. In a tone of regret that wasn't especially convincing, my wife said she would have to be away all that day, too. "I promised the Girl Scouts I'd take a whole station-wagon load of children to Mrs. Jack Gardner's. We're going to have lunch at a Howard Johnson's on the way, and then do the Gardner Museum and hear a concert there, and get home in time for dinner."

"I'll go with you," I said eagerly. "I haven't been to the Gardner Museum for years, and anyway I think the children should have a man along."

"They certainly should!" she said, justifying her enthusiasm on the ground that little Maria Santos had a tendency to stick pins into little Doreen Murphy. My wife added virtuously that she would write Adele a very cordial note, of course, and leave it under the knocker.

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

The 30-year-old Dodger nemesis from Donora, Pa., won the batting championship with a mark of .346. Although it was the worst figure of his league-leading seasons, the race wasn't close. Johnny Hopp was runnerup, posting a .340 average before being traded to the Yanks late in the season. Brooklyn's Jackie Robinson, 1949 batting titlist, was third at $328.—*The News.*

At least he finished in the money.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Lincoln* (*Neb.*) *State Journal*]

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia. (AP). The largest aluminum dish ever turned out is abuilding in the back yard of the Collins Radio Company. But they'll never serve beans off its shining surface.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

With the Amphibians

CINEMA
NAKATA

"HALLS OF MONTEZUMA" is, as you might surmise, a tribute to the fighting abilities of the United States Marine Corps. It's hardly another "What Price Glory?" but it has the virtue of being fairly realistic about the awful business of war, even though it does wind up with soldiers going into battle on the dubious heels of a correspondent who talks more like a Fourth of July orator than any man has a right to do in the presence of death. As a matter of fact, this particular customer not only gets off the usual overblown guff but also has the gall to paraphrase, in the manner of a radio commentator hard put to it for material, Donne's great lines about no man's being an island entire of itself. I suppose this sort of bombast is a natural concomitant of any film now being made in Hollywood about American warriors in action, times being what they are, but for my money nobody trying to express stalwart acceptance of an invitation to doom has yet improved on the line cooked up by Anderson and Stallings that goes, "Wait for baby!"

To stop this poking around and get down to the case in question, "Halls of Montezuma" has to do with the problems of a detachment of Marines charged with wiping out a clutch of Japanese holed up on an island in the Pacific. A platoon is given the job of capturing some live Japanese soldiers. It is the hope of the high command that the prisoners will be able to tell where the Japanese have installed the launching platforms for some rockets that have been playing hell with the Allies. The members of the detail are, of course, a mixed lot. The lieutenant is a former teacher whose mind is so sorely troubled that he has to take a spot of cocaine now and then to keep himself from blowing his top; the corporal is a former pupil of the lieutenant, so anxious to prove he isn't afraid that he ends toes up in a dreary bog; the privates include a boxer, as kind as they come but no brighter than the next, and a juvenile delinquent whose difficulties with his comrades stem both from a poverty-stricken youth and from the circumstance that his sister is married to a Japanese in Hawaii. Also involved with this peculiar collection are a British sergeant who knows more about the Japanese than Lafcadio Hearn, and a medical corpsman whose night thoughts plunge him into some interesting, if muddled, psychological depths. Before the lieutenant and his crew finally bring in a quartet of prisoners, one man has been blinded and another has shot a companion to prevent him from mowing down the whole Oriental catch.

There are many aspects of this piece that may well remind you of previous excursions with small and desperate patrols, but, as I say, there is little sugar-coating to the affair until the climax is upon us. In the role of the lieutenant, Richard Widmark is first-rate, whether engaged in going to pieces or in leading his men with fine, heroic gestures. Among others in the all-male cast, we have Walter Palance, Karl Malden, Richard Hylton, Skip Homeier, and Reginald Gardiner. The last, as the Englishman attached to the Marines, certainly makes the Corps seem more lively than grim. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Two Dalmatian dogs, Mardi-Gras and Sir Bark, have arrived at Twin Pines Ranch for Boys to act as mascots, according to Ralph E. Johnson, superintendent.

Both dogs were donated by Mr. and Mrs. Masefield T. Arlington of Ranch Noli Me Tangere....

Mrs. Arlington said yesterday she has three other Dalmatian puppies five and a half months old which she would like to donate as mascots to worthy California projects. "None of our Dals is for sale," she said.

The Arlingtons figured in the news last August when they were married. At that time the bridegroom changed his name from Charles Edgar Olson to Masefield Troy Arlington. Arlington was the bride's maiden name and Masefield was the name of her first love, killed in a plane crash before their marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Arlington are also known as Mr. and Mrs. Dear Dog Lady.
—*Riverside (Calif.) Enterprise.*

It's the way *we'll* always think of them.

•

DEPARTMENT OF UTTER DISILLUSION

[*From the Oakland (Calif.) Post-Enquirer*]

Joseph Morone of New York, traveling evangelist and youth leader, will preach tomorrow and the following five days at the Calvary Methodist Church, 38th street and Telegraph avenue.

Tomorrow at 11 a. m. he will discuss "What Christians Lack Today," and at 7:30 p. m. "What's the Difference?"

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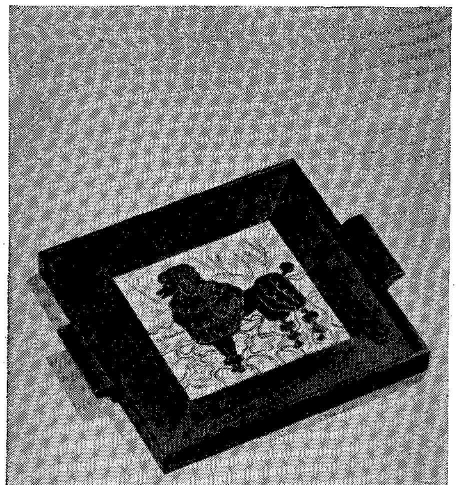

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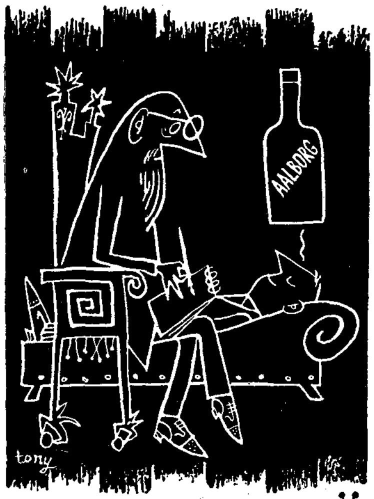

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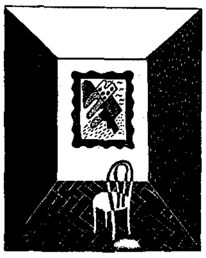
THE ART GALLERIES

Climax and Continuity

THERE'S a variety of shows to be seen at the moment, none of them overwhelming but most of them interesting. At the Sidney Janis, there is one, called "Climax, 1913," made up mostly of loans, and despite its rather awesome presentation (the extra-large catalogue, for one thing, opens out like a dinner napkin and is covered with graphs and diagrams), it seems to me a thoroughly commendable undertaking. The idea is to offer a sort of cross-section of European art as it existed in 1913, and since the developments then were diverse in the extreme, the mere act of getting the exhibition together must have been an arduous one.



To be sure, there's a trace of the arbitrary in insisting on 1913 as the climactic year. It was, it is true, the last year of peace before the outbreak of World War I, and as such was memorable. It found Cubism on the rise in France and Expressionism fairly well started in Germany, while in both these and other countries a number of minor movements, such as Suprematism, Orphism, Simultaneism, and so on, were the centers of tumultuous, if short-lived, activity. But at the same time the post-Impressionists were still strong in France; in the field of the non-objective, Mondrian and the others of his group were just feeling their way toward the principles of expression they later evolved; and what has turned out to be perhaps the most powerful movement of all, Surrealism, was, except for the pioneering paintings of de Chirico, still unborn. On the face of things, 1913, to my mind, seems a period less of climax than of change and experimentation, looking forward to the era of more controlled and more thoughtful activity that came after the war.

This, however, is a matter of interpretation, and therefore of small moment; in fact, the show departs from the strict pursuit of its thesis when it dips now and then into the years on either side, 1912 and 1914, for appropriate examples. But it is an unusually stimulating collection and, for all its smallness, a remarkably comprehensive one. Since the purpose of the exhibit is mainly thematic, the majority of the pieces have been chosen as much for their historic as for their pictorial value, yet a number of them are interesting artistically, too. Among the group representing the techniques of Cubism, there are a handsomely organized "Nature Morte à la Guitare," by Picasso, and a fine Braque, "La Clarinette," both done partly in collage, as well as a Léger, "L'Escalier," painted in his mechanistic phase (and reminiscent of Marcel Duchamp's slightly earlier "Nude Descending the Stairs"), and a somewhat romantic and quite charming still life, "La Table Servie," by Jacques Villon.

Expressionism, oddly, is not represented, but there is a Kandinsky "Improvisation," very swirly and colorful, and a smaller and less adventurous "Flowerpath," by Klee, to illustrate some of its offshoots, while a Mondrian "Composition in Line and Color," made up of exactly arranged tilelike lozenges of pale blues and grays and violets, and a Malevitch, "Suprematist Composition: Red Square and Black Square," herald the austere advance of the non-objectivists. Quite apart from their educative value, I liked, too, the Delaunay "Composition-Simultanée: Les Disques Soleils," a whirling arabesque of pure color; the Pevsner "Composition;" and, among the few sculptures, the Cubist-period "Figure Walking," by Archipenko. There is also a small group of Americans, including a painting apiece by the talented, though unfortunately now almost forgotten, early Paris exiles Morgan Russell and MacDonald-Wright, and (in reproduction) a painting of the same period by Joseph Stella, called "Spring." 1913, after all, was also the year of the Armory Show.

JOHN MARIN, that extraordinary man, is showing a new set of oils and water colors at the Downtown Gallery, and although he is now in his eightieth year, thus treading fairly close on the heels of Titian in the matter of artistic longevity, he shows no signs of diminution of either his philosophic insight or his technical assurance. He is, of course, a specialist. The depiction of the sea in its varying aspects has been his preoccupation throughout most of his mature life, and in spite of his occasional dablings in other themes, the sea remains the subject he is most at home with. Too often, his landscapes in this show become mere checkerboards of brown

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and green, like the "Movement—Tunk Mountains" and "Movement—Lead Mountain Near Beddington," or, like the "Movement—Peach Trees in Bloom, Saddle River, New Jersey," fade away into spidery formlessness. But when he tackles the sea, he is just about invincible. Even his least successful pieces, such as the sketchily handled "Movement in White, Umber, and Cobalt Green," convey a feeling of mastery that the landscapes lack, and in his best ones he comes bewitchingly close to succeeding in the seemingly impossible; that is, in imposing a permanence of artistic pattern on so restless, uneasy, and changeable a substance as the sea. In this group are, to mention a few examples, the menacingly lighted "Movement in Brown Ochre, Cobalt Green, and Umber," the small, sharply delineated "Movement—Boats and Sea," the rocky, surf-spotted "Movement in Reds, Cobalt Green, Blue, and Umber," and the study of a sheltered harbor called "Movement in Greys."

AT the Kootz, Adolph Gottlieb is having what to me is the best exhibition of his career. A specialist, too, in his way, Gottlieb until now has based his style on a sort of formalized symbolism related to the figure writing of the Northwest Indians, and in the last few years he has tended to cut himself off from full expression by the rather rigid patterns this method entailed. In his new work, he retains the compartmented design, but the boxlike angularities are less important in the over-all composition, a sense of atmospheric depth has been added, and, because his color has grown infinitely richer and more varied, there's a sense of spaciousness and luminosity that is gratifying indeed. I liked especially "The Seer," very monumental in feeling; the dark, poetic "Evening;" and, best of all, the shimmeringly colorful "Omens of Spring." —ROBERT M. COATES

•

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Toronto said Lloyd's of London made a 50 to 1 bet that war wouldn't interfere with an international stamp exhibition to be held there next September.

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CAREY, O.—Dr. Rea McCain, chairman of the English department at Bowling Green State University, will address the Wyandot County Hog Improvement Society here Thursday.—*Toledo Blade.*

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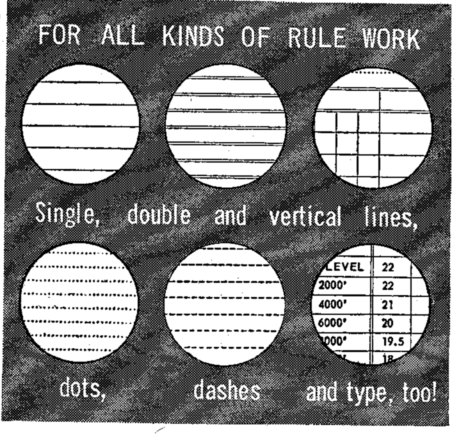

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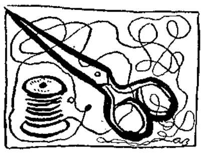
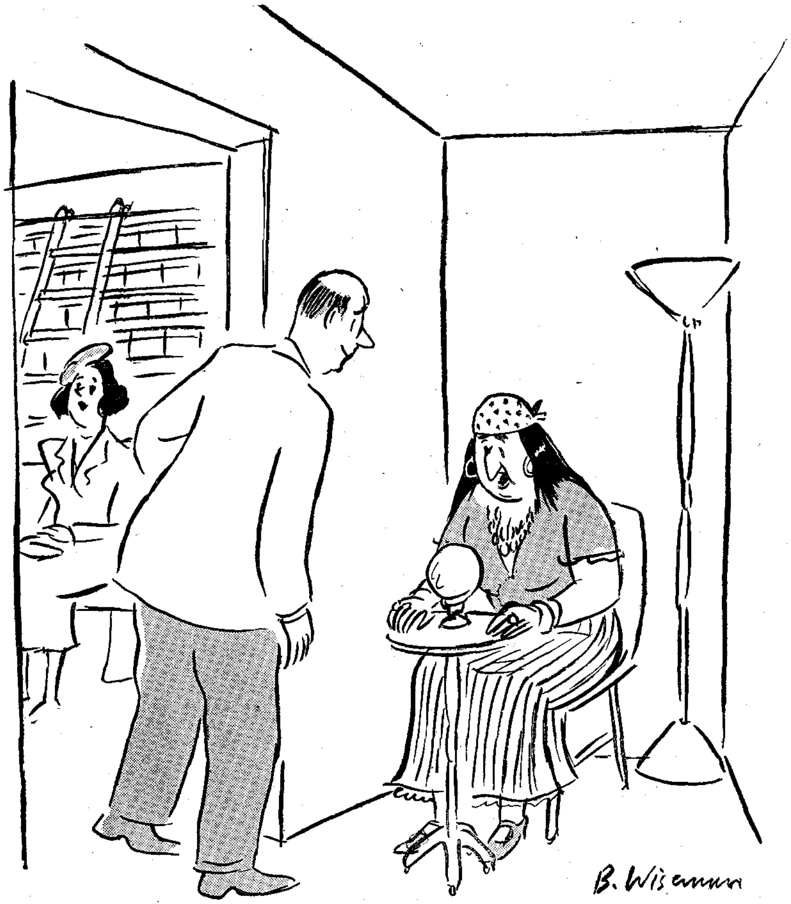


WHAT are called "resort" or "cruise" clothes are, of course, also our summer fashions, and should be bought right this minute, whether you intend to go away or not, because every year they mysteriously vanish from the shops at the first hint of warm weather. Everywhere there are dresses and separates to make up costumes that can be worn day or night, in hot weather or cool, in town or country. Some of the Catalina shirred-lace bathing suits and similar peekaboo jobs would look more appropriate with an evening skirt than on any Eastern beaches; some beach jackets could go over just about anything, including chiffon evening clothes. Gold and silver paint is splashed all over certain fabrics, and there are others, of metallic-looking thread made of plastic, that are washable and that won't tarnish even in salt water. The textile makers have gone mad over Oriental patterns. There are also new fabrics, often of cotton, that are sturdy enough for the growing group of women who want a tailored custom look—clean, crisp lines, and detail with the air of handwork. And often there is an epidemic of beading, cotton lace, soutache, and other bits of décor on shantung and linen dresses of the simplest cut.



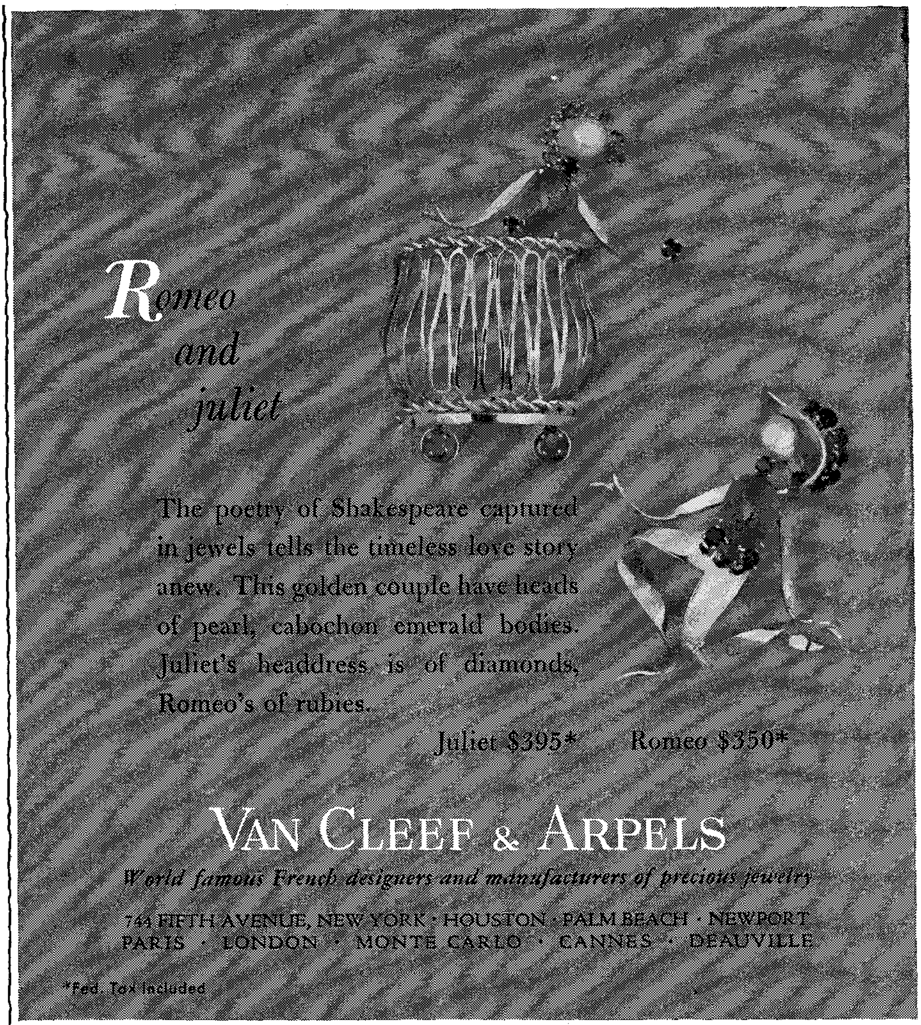
"I see your customer deciding on a blue suède, medium-heel, open-toed pump."

CERTAIN of our wholesale designers have such an influence on styles for our more carefree moments that they rate special mention.

Carolyn Schnurer, for instance. There has never been anything more unbecoming to the average female than the "dressmaker" suit of yesteryear, flaring widely from the waistline and ending abruptly some inches above the knees, thus making a woman look as hippy as possible. Schnurer turns out bathing and play suits (often with a halter strap that can be buttoned on) cut suavely through the waistline and smooth and straight down the hips, and ending in pant bottoms (cuffed or not) rather like the ones on a little boy's first linen suit. The result is long, slender lines and a bottom part that is not forever billowing about. (There are usually tiny rayon jersey bloomers inside.) Then, Schnurer likes tiny patch pockets in front over the thighs, just for fun. This kind of suit, by Schnurer and by others, is all over town, in large sizes as well as small and in every imaginable fabric, starting with good old rayon sharkskin. Schnurer's strapless dresses and play suits recognize that the ugliest line a top can have is the one straight around the body just below the arms. Her tops are lined and boned, mostly up high at each side of the front, so that the bodice not only stays put without the halter strap but has a graceful dip under the arms and another across the back. Examples of Schnurer's art are widespread; Peck & Peck have a special collection that, in both fabric and cut, is a reflection of her recent visit to India. For instance, natural pongee, printed in soft Oriental patterns and stiffened with gold paint incrusted all over it, makes a full-skirted dress with a *choli* bodice, which has a deep oblong décolletage in back and a band collar tying with a gold tassel above it. In front, there's a deep slit below the band collar. The rap, $39.95. A cotton that looks like vivid strips of braid sewed together is used in all kinds of things, among them strapless, full-skirted dresses with solid-color stoles. A sheer plaid cotton has a soft-green or fuchsia background and, though it has an overplaid of gold and silver metallic threads, is washable. It is the basis of a magnificent wrap-around accordion skirt, as well as some strapless dresses covered with shawls that are pointed in back and fold around the upper arms like sleeves. A new idea is a combination of rayon and denim, which is sturdy but very soft. Schnurer uses it for bathing suits in her favorite cut, with rhinestones glistening around the décolletage. In lavender, avocado, or gray. White sateen (now called "cotton satin" and with a permanent high sheen) appears in one of the most entrancing bathing suits of all time. It has a strap décolletage and little fake pearl buttons down a band in front, which has men's-shirt tucks at the sides; $19.95. A matching sleeveless beach coat slips over the head and has fake diamond buttons on its shirtfront, also pleated.

Claire McCardell likes apron-top bathing suits. Some of hers (Lord & Taylor) have short pants in periwinkle-blue rickrack piqué, which is all tiny jagged stripes, like miniature rickrack braid. The apron is just a big diamond of brown rickrack piqué. One point comes up to the throat, another makes a V over the pants, and the others wrap around the torso. As you've guessed, this is very barebacked. It's $22.95. L. & T. also have her red rayon jersey dress, the top shirred on three bands of elastic through the ribs to give it an Empire waistline. The décolletage neck is oval and elasticized, so that it can be worn off the shoulders. McCardell boldly makes a street dress that hangs almost straight from the shoulders, nightshirt style, with a belt at the waist to provide the only semblance of fitting. There's no seam there, which makes waist-height adjustments a minor matter, but few are the curveless women to whom it is becoming. It is only fair to report, however, that it is selling like Silly Putty. The best example of this is of silk, all small box pleats, three-quarters of an inch wide, down to the hipline. The collar, which ties in front, has a handkerchief point in back, a McCardell trademark this season. A new kind of cotton georgette, with a crinkly surface, comes in a wide range of colors. A slim dress of it has a little stitched collar that ties, cork buttons down the front, and one of her weirdly shaped contour belts dipping way down in back. Both Bergdorf and Lord & Taylor admire her dress of shantung in turquoise with violet stripes or in pale orange with black stripes. This, too, is a simple one, with little buttons down the front. The stripes are horizontal across the wide yoke in back and vertical below it, pleated so that only the stripes of one color are visible. The contrasting stripes come into view the moment you raise your arms. This is $60.

Tina Leser, a designer inclined to be exotic, manages to be both feminine and fairly startling with a pale-pink or green cotton that is covered with a lattice print liberally splashed with Oriental birds, flowers, and the like. Green-and-purple braid edges the deep pleats on the front of the skirt of one of the dresses of this cotton. It has a plain round neck, short sleeves, and a taut bodice; $49.95 at Lord & Taylor, among others. The same fabric makes culottes with such a wealth of pleats down the front of the legs that the wearer looks as if she had a skirt on until she makes a move. With a sleeveless sweater, the outfit is $45 in Bendel's sports shop. One of Leser's bathing ensembles is already a smash hit. The suit is of a vividly printed cotton with a sapphire or forest-green ground. It has a panty bottom and adroit twisted, folded detail at the waist, to make it uncommonly kind to the midriff line. The accompanying beach coat, of sailcloth in the background color, is all gores and is lined with the print, which also appears on the turned-back cuffs of the short sleeves, further decorated by metallic braid. The suit is $25, and the jacket,



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Golf dresses with enough éclat for the veranda as well as the links are the pride of Peggy Thayer, designer for Jamison Classics. This wholesale house some time ago came forth with cotton jersey tops attached to crossbarred or striped cotton skirts, thoroughly trumping the old-fashioned golf "classic" with that ugly inverted "action pleat" in back. Some of the Thayer ones have dark cotton jersey tops and light cotton skirts; others are entirely of crossbarred or striped cotton except for the solid-color dark cotton making a deep band of shirring at the ribs to keep the dresses from hiking up no matter how strenuous the sport; $22.95 and $25, and all over town. The skirts have one vast hip pocket, and most of them are accompanied by a tiny zippered bag that fits on the leather belt. There are even tees inside. Jane Engel shows Blazer, a perfect Jamison silk sports dress, all vertical red, white, and black stripes. It has a tiny collar and cuffs of white linen and small white buttons down the shirtwaist bodice; $29.95, and it's something you'll want to live in wherever you are.

Joset Walker is adept at making simple, all-purpose shirtwaist dresses look, as someone is sure to put it, "so different." One is of a silk shirting with a two-color overplaid. It has a set-in belt, two breast pockets, and a patent-leather belt—oh, I know it doesn't sound like anything. Another is of plain pink, citron, or mauve linen with a delicate gray overcheck. This has a fly front all the way up to a casual collar, a shantung tie for those who want a neat throat, and casual tucks at the hips to give it a slender, slightly peg-topped look; $49.95. De-luxe sheer crêpe, all pleated and stitched, makes a slender dress in lime and coral and other resort colors. (It will be available in black or navy for town any minute.) Small pearl buttons descend the plain band down the center front, and there are cap sleeves; $79.95, and underplayed splendor. For foolishness, Walker has thought up "pool" costumes for lounging in the sun—a straight, short tunic of terry cloth in chartreuse, royal, orange, and such, with black cotton-braid binding. There's a shoulder-strap top and separate terry briefs. De Pinna is only one of her aficionados.

AMONG the goodies at Jay Thorpe's Casual Shop is a sleeveless, lacy-knit sweater with a tiny ribbed collar ($15.95), and a bloused lumber-jacket one with a wide knit waistband ($17.95). Spun rayon makes perfect mix-or-match sets of Bermuda shorts and sleeveless, trimly buttoned tops. Each is $7.95, in coral, purple, and so on. (White, too.) And gray flannel makes everything a body could think of—shirts, slacks, suits, topcoats, all waiting for white accessories.

JANE ENGEL, whose shop is at 1025 Madison (79th), has made her sports separates of silk broadcloth of the shirting type, with the skirts all unpressed small pleats ($12.95, to give you an idea), the blouses long-sleeved (with pointed small collars and shirred bosoms), and other tops of the shoe-string, sunbathing-bra variety. Engel is still true to navy and white. She uses white cloqué piqué, trimmed with navy cotton knit, to make an abundance of Eisenhower jackets, wrap-around skirts, and play suits involving short shorts of piqué and knit halter tops. Jackets are only $10.95; skirts and suits are $14.95.

JO HUGHES, of 10 East 56th Street, is a specialist in clothes for women who are forever shuttling from resort to resort. Her separates are of a heavy silk crêpe with a shantung finish and in several vivid, sprawling prints not to be found elsewhere. The blouses have self-covered buttons, Peter Pan collars, and short sleeves with turned-back cuffs; most of the skirts may be ordered in straight, gored, or dirndl versions. A set is $85, and there are bags and belts to match. Her customers are partial to tiny collars and cuffs that are stiffened to look crisp and boyish. (They can be ordered without the stiffening, of course.) They appear on tailored blouses of white surah with red, blue, or green stitching (skirts to match) or of finely striped men's shirting, combining red, blue, or green with white. This stuff makes short-sleeved, mannish blouses and the skirts already mentioned. Everything ties in with the increasing inclination toward fresh, clean-looking clothes for daytime, whether for a golf course or just loafing. You order by size and get delivery in a week or so.

RICE tweed, a spongy fabric made of linen thread and resembling a semi-sheer mesh, is the most recent arrival at Martha West. It produces clothes that are fine for travellers (it won't wrinkle) and heavy women (sizes run up to 44). A dress with a deep oval neckline surrounded by Beauvais-type embroidery has cap sleeves, a gored skirt that is only slightly flared, and a short-sleeved bolero to match. This

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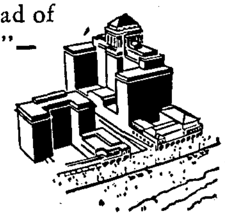

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comes in navy and black as well as pastel colors and is fairly breathtaking even before you know the price, which is $35. The same fabric makes a one-piece classic buttoned all the way down the front, either in plain colors ($29.95) or with a dark diagonal stripe ($35). And I'd like to point out that West's Celanese crêpe buttoned-down-the-front all-day-long dresses come in any of sixteen colors and cost $25. She also has beautifully cut bathing suits of rayon sharkskin for heavy women, with the requisite built-in bras, deep V necks and deep oblong backs, a zipper down the rear, and a tie sash. Very handsome in navy, black, aqua, white, and rose; $17.95.

THE sports shop at Bendel treasures Frances Sider's bathing suits, which are notable for having an all-in-one separate foundation underneath. There are boned bra tops, to increase that firm, put-together feeling, and nylon tricot pants. The suits that go over them may be of rayon sharkskin with princesse lines; $22.95. Matching box coats are the same price. Howard Greer's notions in bathing suits are here too, but they are distinctly not for problem figures. His one-piece caviar-gray faille printed with white stars is form-fitting to a degree. His terry-lined robe is of white or cocoa cotton printed with a black lace pattern; $19.95. For tennis, Bendel offers a sleeveless white piqué with shiny black buttons, a black patent-leather belt (black patent-leather belts have got to *stop*), and cuffed pant bottoms; $17.95.

THE Cotton Shop, at 711 Fifth Avenue (56th), is full of blazer jackets all in white or in red, white, and blue striped flannel, longish and nicely cut, with three brass buttons down the middle. White flannel skirts seemed the perfect nostalgic complement, so they're here, too, slightly circular, with hand detail and pockets sloping across the hips; $19.95. Despite everything I can say, shorts of Bermuda length outsell all others (and they make women's knees look knobby). I'll admit that they are particularly attractive here in linen of suiting weight ($10.95) or in tartan worsted ($9.95). As for short shorts, Toni Owen has made some that are unusually becoming. Hers are cuffed and made of piqué in white or baby pastel. The waistband arches high in front to hold the stomach in, and up-and-down tucks around the waistline give almost the restraint of a girdle. Owen also demonstrates her designing talent in a full-skirted dress in a jacquard sort of

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piqué with a stole five or six feet long attached to the waistband at the back of the skirt. There's really no top at all. The stole, wrapped ad lib about the torso, serves as one. For security's sake, safety pins are indicated. The price, $16.95. Pongee (which looks like hell in any color but natural) is a pet of this shop. In an old-fashioned print, with small red or yellow roses with green leaves sprigged upon it, it makes a beautiful suit—the jacket nipped and rounded at the hips, the skirt straight; $59.95 for plenty of charm.

That's not the end of the new resort clothes; the end will have to wait until later. —Lois Long

ABOUT THE HOUSE

From Italy

I AM not one to minimize the hardships of a trip to Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, and yet I do not hesitate to advise everybody who cares about the development of contemporary design, or who is excited by the renascence of creative activity that is taking place among Italian craftsmen today, to hurry there and see the exhibition of Italian handicrafts at the Brooklyn Museum of Art. The show, which will be seen in eleven other American cities, will be there only through January, so those who mean to enjoy it will have to step lively; as the old Baedekers used to say in exhorting the tourist not to put off excursions, it often rains on the last day.

The visitor who is accustomed to group exhibits of applied arts by American designers, in which a watered-down Bauhaus inspiration is often recognizable to tedious infinity, is almost sure to be impressed not only by the vitality of the work presented at the Museum but by the startling absence of repetitiveness. No conscientious reporter could visit the Brooklyn show and glibly announce that "the predominant theme of the exposition," as the phrase goes, is this, that, or the other. Happily, there simply *is* no predominant theme. In a land where the deadening hand of totalitarianism has lain heavily, a passionate and exuberant individualism seems somehow to have survived to add imagination and warmth to the traditional Italian technical virtuosity and inspire a new and vivid phase of creative design.

I might as well begin this survey by drawing to your attention, as an example of the contemporary use of a medium that is peculiarly Italian, the remarkable pictures in intarsia, which, lovely and inimitable as they are, stem directly from those atrocious inlays of hard stone depicting Vesuvius in eruption or the Colosseum by moonlight that adorned the tabletops so many tourists fetched home with them in the old days. The same skill that produced those painfully exact representations has now been given worthy stimulus and direction by a group of designers and master artisans working with the American-born Richard Blow, in Florence. Here are being produced small pictorial plaques of inlaid hard stones cemented onto slate that must be the ultimate in the decorative use of this fascinating technique. Some of these plaques are made after designs by well-known artists, but many of the most successful are the collective efforts of anonymous craftsmen. If there can be any criticism of this entrancing work, it is that occasionally its execution is *too* skillful, so that the medium is completely lost sight of, and the result might readily be taken for painting rather than inlay. I might mention, in case the Museum's examples of intarsia give you a desire to see more, that a group of some thirty such pictures is currently on view at the Knoedler Galleries.

BEAUTIFUL as these small objects are, Americans will perhaps have more curiosity about the furniture being turned out in Italy today. Included in the exhibition are a group of interiors—a modest living-dining room, a rich and extravagantly fanciful dining room, the foyer of a marionette theatre, and a private chapel—that, together with an adjacent terrace setup, offer an unusually satisfactory opportunity to investigate this subject and to appraise the varying approaches to applied design of some outstanding Italian architects, who, for this show, not only worked out the structural plans of the rooms but supervised their decoration, in some cases actually designing the furniture. The living-dining room is by Carlo Mollino, and is intended for an apartment where lack of space and lack of cash must be taken into equal consideration. The same problem has been dealt with so often by Swedish and Finnish architects that a comparison between this room and the Scandinavian ones is inevitable, and I think it is advantageous to the Italian interior. A photomural of a rushing torrent in a mountain gorge covers one wall of the room and gives an illusion of space and coolness. The other walls are covered with inexpensive fluted panels of pale wood, which is also used for built-in cabinets, shelves, and the like. A chaste dining table and a small desk fold up against the walls when not needed, providing added space. Some very narrow but quite comfortable side chairs, a couple of fairly deep armchairs, and a remarkably good-looking sofa, which might serve as an extra bed, complete the furnishings of this admirable room.

The distinguishing feature of the terrace, which was designed by Luigi Cosenza, is a majolica-tile floor on which, in vivid blues and yellows, a bird's-eye view of the Gulf of Naples is spread out for one's delight. Here there is none of the furniture that our own superior housefurnishings shops have persuaded us is the first necessity for terrace and patio—no canopied chaise longue on wheels, no glass-and-iron table, not even a barbecue grill. The furniture is, on the contrary, of the most extreme simplicity—a handsome rush-bottomed easy chair; some splendid pots made of Vesuvian lava, each big enough to hold a lemon tree; a small, graceful table; gaudy window blinds of the kind seen in the cafés around Amalfi; and some low rush-bottomed benches. One can imagine such a terrace being often untidy, and never quite elegant enough to get its picture on the cover of *House & Garden*, yet endlessly inviting to repose.

In another terrace layout, elsewhere in the exhibition, a pair of low rattan couches, standing hardly more than three inches off the floor and sloping slightly upward toward the head, make porch furnishings as attractive as anyone could wish for; equally effective is a huge beach umbrella of the soft, pliable straw used for women's hats. For outdoor use, too, there are many rattan chairs, all exceptionally comfortable and all marked by a restraint rarely found in the furniture that sprouts in our own gardens. On the other hand, the exhibition's enamelled-iron furniture, of which there are only two or three pieces, is fully as banal as what we are used to.

TABLES are more numerous than anything else in the Italian exhibition, as they are in every furniture show in this country, but whereas American designers are now preoccupied, almost to the point of obsession, with exaggeratedly low coffee and cocktail tables, which seem suitable only for a race of midgets, the Italians have apparently approached the problem with the sensible theory that there are less specialized uses for a table than the supporting of a cocktail or coffee tray. Or it may be that the Italians just don't admit it's impossible for coffee cups and cocktail glasses to come to roost on a table of normal height. The handsomest tables in the Italian collection are unquestionably

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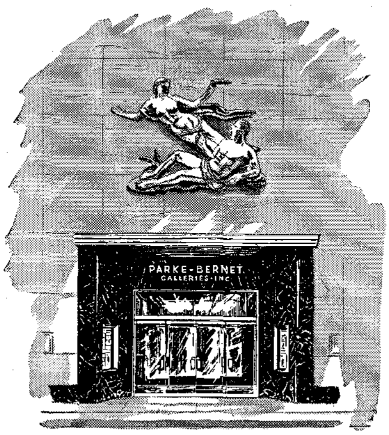

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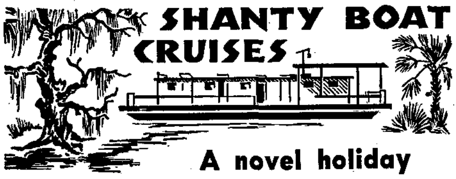

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those with tops of inlaid hard stone, of the same workmanship as the intarsia plaques. Perhaps the most striking of them is a moderately low one, designed by Richard Blow, that has a top of magnificent stones worked into a simple and harmonious pattern of scrawls that resemble handwriting. Another fine table, this one of conventional height, has a top of hard stone in varying shades of blue, inlaid in a geometric design that recurs, much reduced in scale, in inlay decorating the tapering legs. Other inlaid tabletops have decorative freehand designs, and there are a number of small tables in which glass, wood, and brass are used in a manner that combines a sense of form with more originality than is generally bestowed on these materials.

•

VISITORS who, like me, have been unfamiliar with any sort of Italian lighting fixture other than the traditional lamps of Venetian glass will be surprised to find here a group of brass chandeliers that are not surpassed in distinction and grace even by the excellent work of this type that has recently come to us from Finland. A brass ceiling fixture made by the Arte Luce Company, of Milan, consists of sixteen cups, each holding a light, that branch out of an enormous hoop suspended by sixteen slender rods; it could scarcely be more modern in feeling, although it obviously springs from a typical Renaissance form. And an exquisite glass and brass chandelier from the Seguso factory in Venice, while unmistakably derived from the classic Venetian pattern, has escaped a stereotyped traditionalism to flower in the most engaging modern style.

EARTHENWARE having long been an Italian product as well known to tourists as are the straw hats of Florence and the pearls of Rome, it is not surprising that the vigorous upsurge apparent in all the nation's crafts has produced a notable development in its ceramics. The exhibits of tableware and decorative tiling show a freshness of design and color, as well as a heartiness and warmth, that are by no means to be confused with the self-conscious whimsey into which modern ceramists so often fall. Some fireplace tiles by Annamaria Cesarini Cascella; a water jug in the shape of a woman (its spout is a tail-like extension of her body), done in polychrome faïence by Guido Gambone; and an elegant lamp base in brown-and-white half-glazed pottery by Prisco and Urbano Zaccagnini give evidence of the diversified activities in the field of contemporary household ceramics.

Far more subtle than these useful wares is the quite dazzling work of the ceramics sculptors represented in the exhibition. You should certainly inspect some extraordinarily interesting figurines by Fausto Melotti (in particular, two fine figures of the Annunciation); a bas-relief of the Annunciation, done with great delicacy and grace, by Ugo Lucerni; and numerous enchanting little figures by Victor Cerrato.

ALTHOUGH textiles, hand-wrought jewelry, hats, and women's bags are not rightly the concern of this department, I should be at fault if I didn't mention those in this exhibition, since they not only have more real style and distinction than anything of the kind I have seen produced elsewhere but they round out a presentation of artistic achievement the like of which we may not encounter again for a long time. I wish that I could conclude this report by indicating with some exactness where all these lovely things will be found for sale and what they will cost. Lord & Taylor will carry some of them, and so will Gimbel and the Piazza, at 217 East 49th Street, but just what items will be chosen by these stores is as yet uncertain, and the eventual selling prices depend upon many imponderables. All the more reason for snatching the enjoyment offered so lavishly by the trip to the Brooklyn Museum.

—S. H.

• •

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH LANDSCAPE

In January, color and motion are spare here,
But still the fields are tucked with various browns, and green,
And sway, though barely, toward the steady sky.

Farmhouse, barn, and silo break in dull-red patches;
The Amish farmer, in his broad black hat and long dark beard,
Lives by this landscape in a common season,
Apart from the world,
reading only the Bible and the weather
To his plain wife, in her spick kitchen, waiting for spring.

—PHILIP MURRAY

OF ALL THINGS

THE American people have been warned repeatedly during recent weeks that times are grave and sacrifices must be made. The opening days of the Eighty-second Congress indicate, however, that our citizens will not be asked to give up the luxury of party politics.

•

It will be recalled that our defense chiefs originally believed that the Korean peninsula was a poor place to hold a war. We are now beginning to suspect that they were right the first time.

•

The first act of the new House of Representatives was to reëstablish the power of the Rules Committee over what legislation is to be brought up for consideration. Congressmen often find it pleasanter and easier to pass the buck than to pass the bill.

•

The prospects of a Big Four conference to settle the tough problems of Europe are still far from bright. At this writing, the contending parties have not even agreed upon what subjects they are in most serious disagreement about.

•

A newspaper in Yugoslavia scored a beat by reporting that Stalin was mentioned a hundred and one times on the first page of one issue of *Pravda*. Careful analysis reveals that the Moscow paper is in favor of him.

•

The New York City License Commissioner's ban on the film "The Miracle" has been overruled by the courts. Moviegoers now have to decide for themselves whether to see this picture or stay away.

•

This is the happy season when the Bureau of Internal Revenue expresses its interest in our personal affairs. Large numbers of our citizens are getting friendly letters inquiring about their economic health.

•

Millions of people were saddened by the death of Bushman, the Chicago gorilla. We get the impression that he had risen from obscurity to become Chicago's first citizen.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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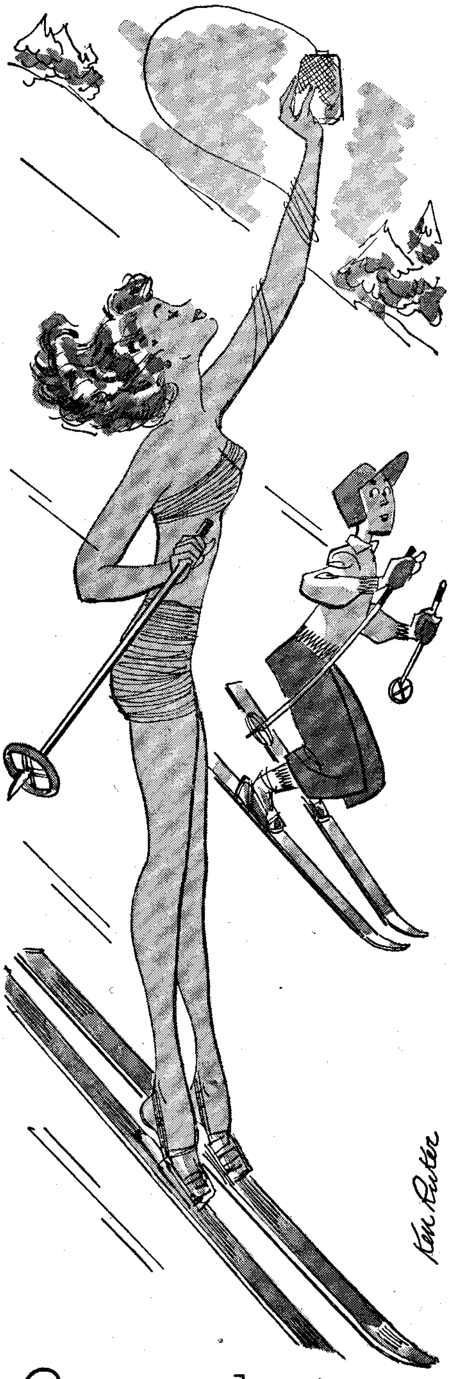

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Visitors from Kentucky

THE fifty-piece orchestra of the Louisville Philharmonic Society came to New York recently to give a concert at Carnegie Hall, and it turned out to be a competent, stimulating musical organization. For one thing, the program was exceedingly novel, consisting of six works, only one of which had ever been presented here before, that had been commissioned by the Society from leading modern composers. Such a program was obviously not calculated to attract a large audience, and didn't, but it was perhaps the most effective means by which this group could call attention to itself in professional musical circles. A few years ago, the Louisville organization, faced with the familiar financial burdens that beset large orchestras everywhere today, dropped a third of its musicians and did away with its practice of hiring "name" soloists to appear with it. Since the orchestra is composed of part-time performers—Louisville music teachers and business people—it could scarcely hope to cut much ice elsewhere unless it had some sort of distinction, so it adopted the happy idea of commissioning works from well-known composers. Evidently, it doesn't take a great deal of money to do this, for sixteen works have been paid for since the policy went into effect, among them pieces by such respected composers as Darius Milhaud, Arthur Honegger, Virgil Thomson, Paul Hindemith, Roy Harris, Bohuslav Martinu, William Schuman, and David Diamond. One thing practically all the compositions have in common is brevity, a fact that would seem to indicate that music, like cloth, is purchased by the yard.

Unfortunately, none of the pieces heard here made a strong or lasting impression, at least upon me, but, on the other hand, nothing that was played was unmusical or wholly meretricious, and a lively suspense was kept up throughout the evening as one new work followed another. The presentations in the first half of the program were "John Gilbert: A Steamboat Overture," by Claude Almand; Diamond's "Timon of Athens—A Symphonic Portrait After Shakespeare;" Martinu's "Intermezzo;" Thomson's "Wheat Field at Noon" (the one that had previously been played here); and Serenade No. 5 for Orchestra, by Vincent Persichetti. Mr. Thomson relieved the regular conductor, Robert Whitney, to conduct his piece. I liked Persichetti's work the best, particularly the parts called "Poem" and "Interlude." Martinu's "Intermezzo," a facile, dancelike work, was given its world première; the other compositions had been performed at subscription concerts in Louisville. The thing that struck me about all these short pieces was the ease, amounting to glibness, with which the composers employed a modern-sounding idiom, sternly establishing themselves as being up to the minute but not distinguishing themselves by the importance or originality of their musical statement. Aside from a certain stylishness, there was little to be said for the music.

For this particular engagement, the Louisville Orchestra *did* have a guest soloist—Martha Graham, the modern dancer, who gave visual definition to a work called "Judith," composed for her and the Society by William Schuman and based on the Biblical character. This novelty, offering an intelligent change of pace, took up the second half of the program. The music, I thought, did no more than provide reasonable stimuli for Miss Graham's actions, but those actions had an excitement about them. Two handsome props designed by Isamu Noguchi—one, at one end of the stage apron, representing a dressing table and chair, and the other, at the opposite end, the tent of Holofernes—were set in front of a long, low curtain, which screened the orchestra but permitted the gesticulations of the conductor to be seen through it in exaggerated shadow form. Miss Graham wore a striking costume-under-a-costume, shucking the outer garment early in the dance and ornamenting the under one with pagan-looking trappings as the story progressed and she prepared herself to enter the tent of the tyrant. Judith, at least in Miss Graham's artful, highly charged expression of her behavior, is a woman who is reduced to the necessity of selling her body but keeps putting it off from day to day. Miss Graham, I felt, showed admirably all the inner turmoil attendant upon such a disheartening enterprise, and made one appreciate fully the vil-

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lainy of the unseen Holofernes and feel like cheering when she walked off triumphantly with his head.

Mr. Whitney, the conductor, did an excellent job. The performances, except for Miss Graham's, were certainly not virtuoso ones, but the orchestra played everything cleanly and sensitively. Jean Rosenthal's lighting for Miss Graham's dance was splendid.

A RATHER remarkable new singing actor, a Viennese bass-baritone named Fritz Krenn, made his début at the Metropolitan Opera in the role of Baron Ochs last week when "Der Rosenkavalier" was staged for the first time this season. A big man with a commanding style, he portrayed the gross and dominating character without a touch of hamminess—a rare feat, as I recall other performances of the part. His Ochs had shrewdness, false heartiness, and moments of personal distinction, and his robust charm made the long and frequently interrupted waltz at the end of the second act an entertaining grotesque. Also, in a part that is half speech and half song, his voice was always full and resonant. He has, it appears, sung this role three hundred-odd times, and he is one hell of a fellow in it. Helen Traubel played the Marschallin for the first time here. I'm afraid she was never able to reveal satisfactorily the muted, fascinatingly decadent character of the Princess von Werdenberg, either vocally or by her acting, but she did look the part, and the essential quality of her voice was right for it, so that while there was little insight in her performance, there was nothing jarring about it, either. It was, on the whole, a richly enjoyable reading of the Richard Strauss opera, with Fritz Reiner conducting superbly and such other Met singers as Risë Stevens, in the title role; Kurt Baum, as the ambitious tenor in the first act; and Erna Berger, who played Sophie, lending their ability and experience.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

MR. HILL. Mr. President, I will say to my distinguished friend that the distinguished majority leader has been tied up all day in the Finance Committee, and I have not had an opportunity to confer with him today. The distinguished senior Senator from Florida is about to speak. If it is agreeable to the distinguished Senator from Nebraska, at the very first opportunity I shall confer with the majority leader.—*Congressional Record.*

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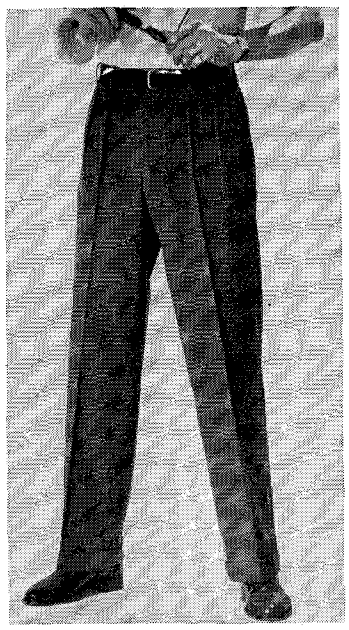

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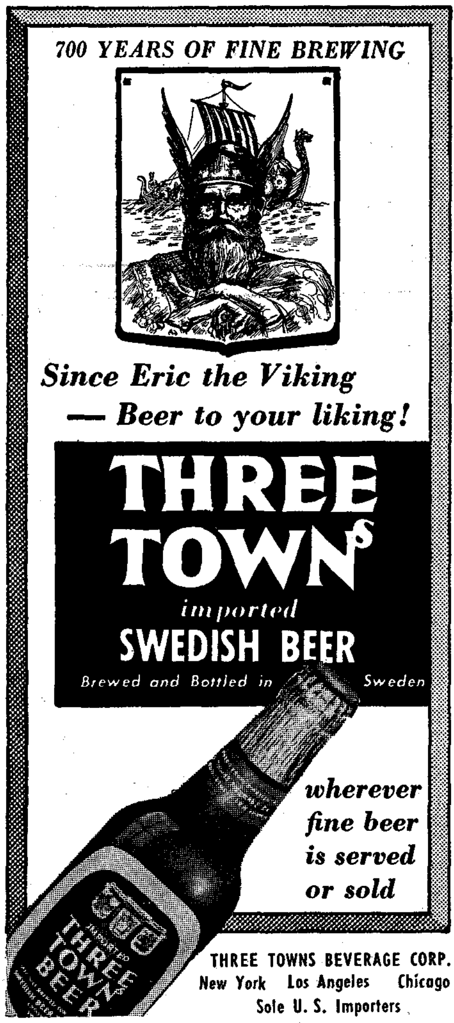

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

Boston, Mass.,
January 3, 1951

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

In your issue of December 16th, John Hersey told the story of the international atom-bomb scare caused by the inaccurate reporting of a Truman press conference that took place November 30th. This is what happened in one newspaper office that same November 30th:

Seventeen minutes before early-edition deadline, the first A.P., U.P., and Reuter's bulletins stating that President Truman had said that the use of the atom bomb against Chinese Communists was under consideration cleared the wire room of the *Christian Science Monitor* in Boston. A news editor on the national desk, familiar with White House press conferences, said he didn't believe it. "Some reporter asked the President whether use of the bomb was being considered," he guessed, "and the President gave the usual evasive answer—that all weapons are always under consideration." He consulted with several colleagues and the editor of the paper. It was agreed not to print the bulletin in that edition unless the facts became clear. The news editor then went to a teletype connected with the *Monitor's* Washington news bureau and talked with the operator at the other end. Had Richard L. Strout (head of the bureau) returned from the press conference? Not yet. Please have him send the exact words used by reporters and by the President on the atom bomb as soon as he returned.

Strout walked into the bureau just as the A.P. bulletin was being transmitted back to Washington from Boston for his inspection. He broke in on the wire, said the bulletin was false, and asked how many words could be handled on an emergency basis for the early edition. He was allowed three hundred, and they were hurried into type. The paper appeared with a headline and a lead paragraph on another subject that had come up at the press conference. Strout then listed nine points made by the President. The eighth read as follows: "He declared that the use of the atom bomb was under consideration, as it had been from the first, but that he personally was against its use because of its effect on innocent people. He left no doubt that it would be used in the event of direct Russian aggression."

Meanwhile, another news editor decided that the entire "text" of the President's press conference should be printed. It contained other questions and answers of importance, and the reader could see precisely how the colloquy on the atom bomb was introduced, what was asked, and what the President said. He arranged with the Washington bureau to have it put on the wire by the bureau's secretary, who regularly takes down the President's press conferences in shorthand.

Strout, having whipped out his early lead, went to the bureau news ticker and surveyed the confusion piling up around the world as a result of inaccurate bulletins. He, as well as other correspondents, called the White House. He later wrote, in an obituary article on the President's press secretary Charles G. Ross, of his part in what had happened: "Press Association wires carried sensational accounts of the [President's] reference. In the normal routine, this correspondent called up Charlie Ross to urge that the White House get out a clarifying statement. The idea was taken under consideration with pleasant words about the *Christian Science Monitor*. Characteristic of an old friend's courtesy, the telephone rang an hour or so later—it was Charles Ross on the wire to express thanks for the idea and to read in person the drafted version of the clarifying statement over the phone. The conversation ended with a few comments on either side over press irresponsibility at a time of national danger, spoken half mournfully and half in jest."

By midafternoon, when the second New England edition went to press, page 1 had a careful evaluation of the President's remarks by Strout, who had by then written an extended story on the incident. Page 3 carried the full text of questions and answers at the press conference, the latter in indirect discourse, as the rules require. The White House clarifying statement was boxed for special emphasis.

Sincerely yours,
Saville Davis
American News Editor,
The Christian Science Monitor

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "The Disenchanted," by Budd Schulberg*]

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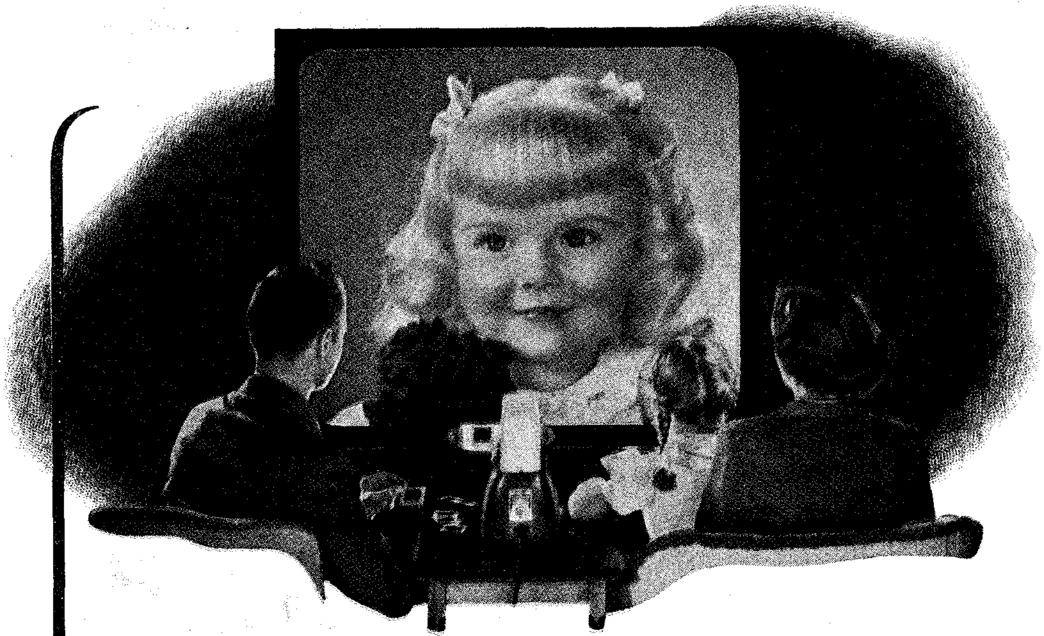

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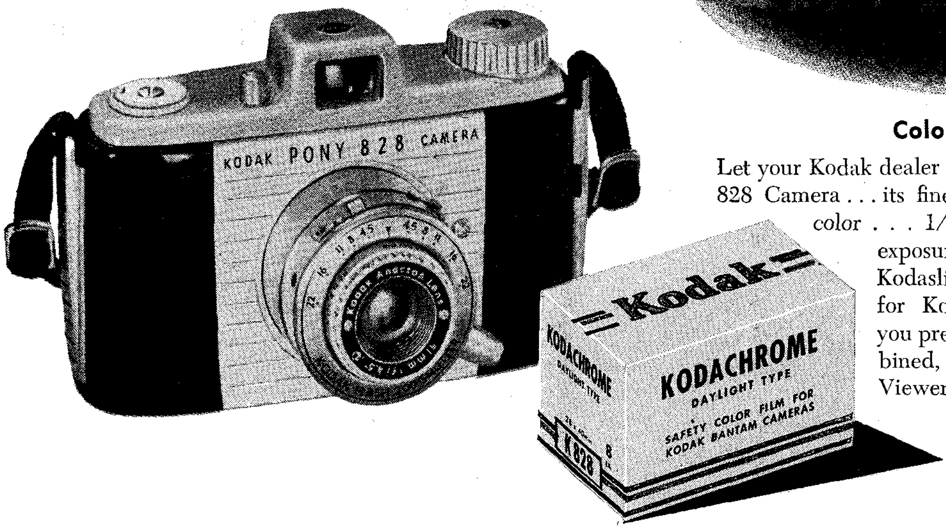
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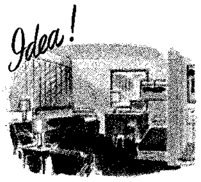

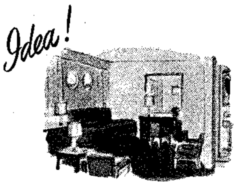

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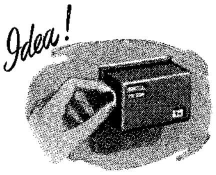

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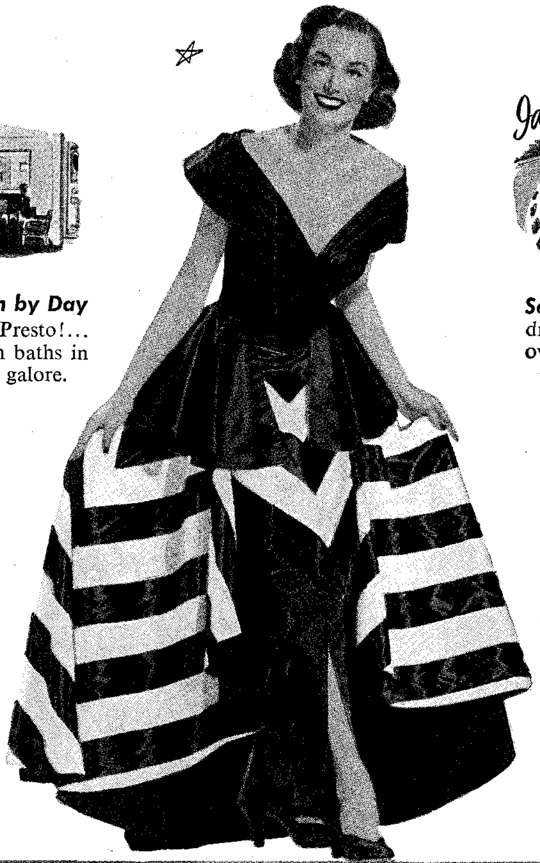

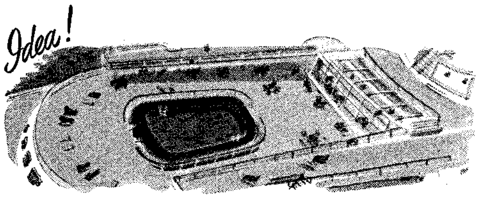

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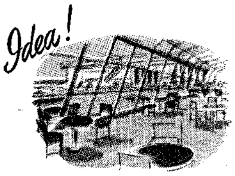

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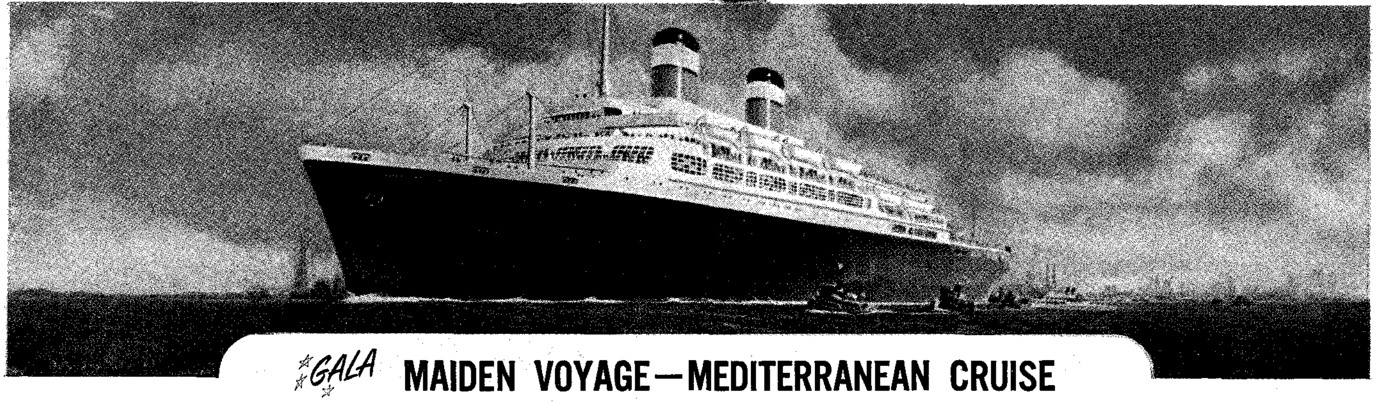

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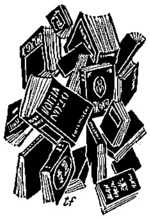
BOOKS

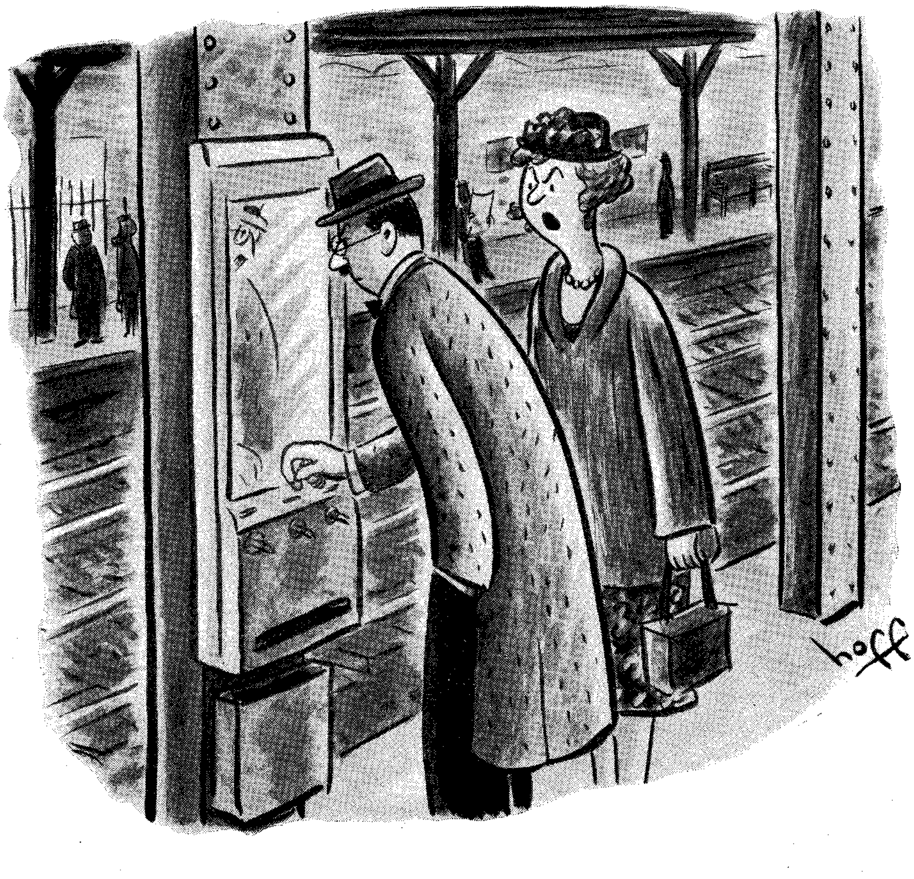
Grade-A Essays: Orwell, Sartre, and Highet



“Shooting an Elephant and Other Essays” (Harcourt, Brace), a posthumous collection of papers by George Orwell, contains miscellaneous pieces relating to various phases of this unconventional writer’s life. The first two, “Shooting an Elephant” and “A Hanging,” deal, like his novel “Burmese Days,” with Orwell’s experience as an officer in the Indian Imperial Police. The first of these tells the story of his reluctantly and probably unwisely killing a runaway work elephant, because he knew that the natives expected it of him and that it was necessary in order to keep up the prestige of the British occupation. It is curious to compare this story with the hunting exploits celebrated by Hemingway. Orwell is interested not in the danger or in the victory over the brute, which he could not bear to watch dying, but in scrutinizing his own motives and deducing their social implications. The third sketch, “How the Poor Die,” is an episode in the self-imposed pilgrimage, the submergence in the misery of modern life—described in “The Road to Wigan Pier” and “Down and Out in Paris and London”—by which, having resigned from the police, he attempted to expiate his years as an agent of imperial oppression. The rest of the essays deal mostly with the problems of the radical attitude that he was then compelled to develop and with the reflections to which he was led by the assignments of literary journalism by which he had to make a living. Among the most interesting of these are essays on the damaging effects on language and literature of current political pressures, and a long piece called “Second Thoughts on James Burnham,” which seems to me the best thing of its kind, the best job of destructive criticism, that I have seen in recent years. Orwell suggests that the inner consistency of the not always congruous positions taken up by Burnham in his various books—first as prophet of the Managerial Revolution, then as student of Machiavellianism, and finally as alarmist against the menace of Stalin—is to be found in an unconscious admiration for power in whatever form it may appear.

The death of George Orwell a year ago was something one had half expected but that one had tried to hope would not happen. One gathers that he had ruined his health through the privations of his slumming experiences and the injuries he received in the Spanish War, in which he had fought on the Republican side. He came down with tuberculosis and spent the last years of his life in hospitals. He has recently seemed so much to represent a tradition that had few spokesmen in literature—the middle-class British liberalism that depended on common sense and plain speaking and that believed in the rights of the citizen to earn a decent living, to think and say what he pleased, and to enjoy himself unmolested—that one came apprehensively to feel as if the point of view itself were fading away with Orwell. His fidelity to it had led him, by roads that took him far from the middle class, afield into what looked to him a wilderness, where it was difficult for him to get his bearings. He was a radical who feared and detested the Kremlin; a Marxist who was disgusted by the fashionable socialism of the thirties; a product of the best schools who tried to identify himself with the lower middle class. There was no place for him, and he had to die. It is interesting to go back today to a passage in Cyril Connolly’s “Enemies of Promise,” in which he tells of his conversations with Orwell when they went out for walks in their school days. “Of course, you realize,” Orwell would say, “that, whoever wins this war [the first one], we shall emerge a second-rate nation.” On one occasion, Connolly writes, Orwell, “striding beside me,” said “in his flat ageless voice: ‘You know, Connolly, there’s only one remedy for all diseases.’ ” Connolly at once thought of sex. “No,” said Orwell, “I mean Death!” When he died, thirty years later, he had written, in the nightmare prophecy of “Nineteen Eighty-four,” the sentence of death that he dreaded for everything he had trusted and loved.

Jean-Paul Sartre is as much in the tradition of the rationalistic French bourgeoisie as Orwell was of the liberal British middle class. Like Orwell, he is a democratic radical who has steadily kept to the Left but escaped the machinations of Moscow. Like Orwell, he is a topnotch journalist in fiction as well as in essay. But his energies are more vigorous than Orwell’s, and his position has been much stronger. He has a philosophic system and disciples; he has made money as a dramatist and novelist; he edits an admirable magazine, *Les Temps Modernes*, in which he is able



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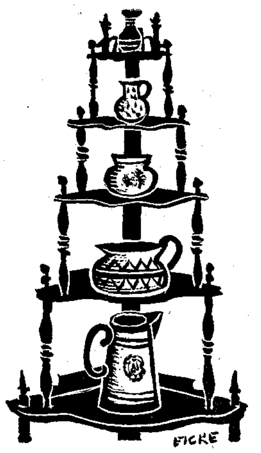
to print whatever interests him and to express himself freely and at length on literature, politics, and morals. He has, in fact, become a figure of authority in the Parisian literary world.

One of the most interesting of his literary studies, "Baudelaire," has been brought out by New Directions in an excellent translation by Martin Turnell. Sartre writes so much and so fast that he is by way of becoming a conspicuous example of the principle suggested by Pascal when he said to one of his correspondents that he was sorry to write at such length but did not have time for a shorter letter. The "Baudelaire" is rather repetitious; the exposition has a way of looping back on itself. Yet it gradually builds up a picture—for the most part very convincing—of Baudelaire's mental processes and moral personality. I say "moral personality" because Sartre approaches psychological problems from a moral point of view. There is a knowledge of Freud and Marx among the equipment of Sartre's mind, but he has not so much absorbed them as academically made their acquaintance. He is an eighteenth-century moralist who proceeds on an assumption that human beings are able to make choices which, though limited, may determine the whole course of their lives. As he says in his final sentence, "The free choice which a man makes of himself is completely identified with what is called his destiny." This conception—which is a feature of the Existentialist doctrine—may seem a naïve oversimplification, but Sartre, in his studies of literary figures as well as in his novels, has managed to carry it with him and yet to arrive at a kind of truth.

The present reviewer, with all admiration for the genius of Baudelaire, has always found his personality unsympathetic and rather uninteresting. Sartre's interpretation explains and justifies this feeling. Sartre takes the genius for granted and sets out to get to the bottom of the personal situation out of which Baudelaire's poetry sprang and the attitude toward the world that this poetry represents. Baudelaire was an only child, whose father died before he was six and who lived alone with his mother, to whom he was passionately attached. When, two years after his father's death, his mother married a lieutenant colonel who later became a distinguished general, young Charles, who resented his stepfather and violently quarrelled with him, was sent to a boarding school. Later on, he went to a *collège* and was expelled for insubordinate conduct. Sartre suggests that Baudelaire never got over rebelling but never got over dependence. He squandered half his patrimony, and his mother and stepfather arranged to have the rest of it put in trust and paid to him as an allowance. He was in debt all his life and always writing home for money. He was always complaining to his mother, always denouncing the general, always defying the guardian who had been appointed to dole out his money. Yet Baudelaire, Sartre suggests, could not do without their authority; he compelled them, indeed, to assert it. Even at the age of forty and after his stepfather's death, he could still write to his mother that he was terribly frightened of her. He negates, he blasphemes, he refuses; he pretends to practice every perversity; but he is revolting in behalf of nothing save the gesture of revolt itself. His political and religious ideas—except for a brief moment during the Revolution of 1848, when, however, his only object seems to have been to burn down his stepfather's house—are completely reactionary: authoritarian and orthodox. He will not take the responsibility of developing a morality of his own, and this is what makes him uninteresting, evidently to Sartre as well as to the reviewer, in comparison with other rebels. His transgressions do not lead to anything save a luxury of remorse, which, according to Sartre, Baudelaire enjoyed so much that he indulged in it even before he sinned; and if he is to have his remorse, he must uphold the credit of his judges. He applies for admission to the Academy; he submits to, he even invites, the suppression of "Les Fleurs du Mal." And his poetry itself looks only back; he is comfortable, even in youth, only with the idea of the past. His personality was fixed at twenty, and his artistic career was closed when, at thirty-six, he published his poems. The work of those poems had been to dramatize his difference from other men in such a way that the world could not fail to accept a difference for a rare distinction. Hence what Sartre calls a deep imposture became for Baudelaire, nevertheless, his central reality; the most satisfactory thing that Baudelaire can



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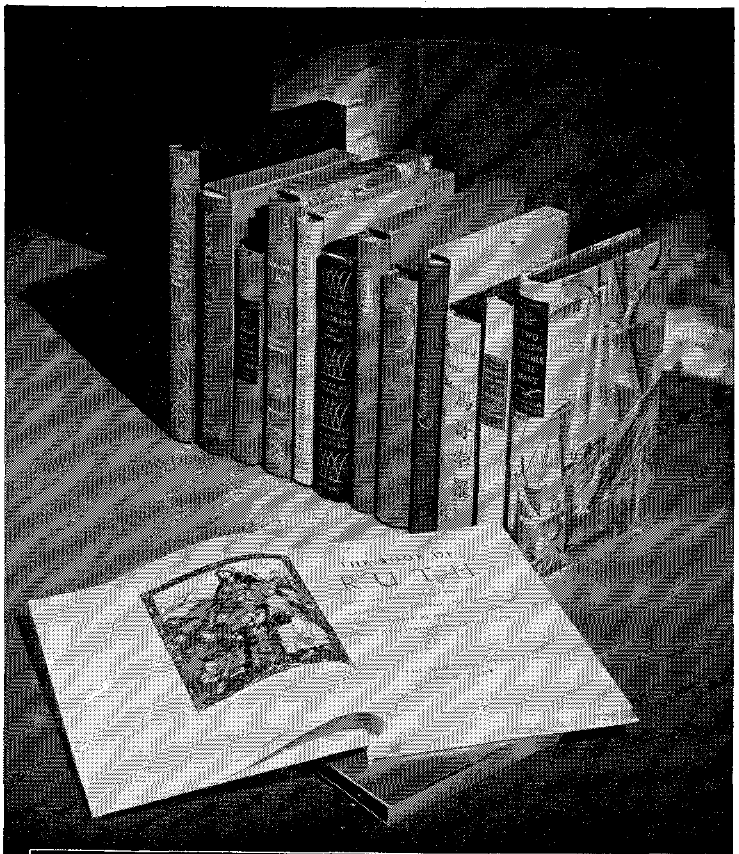

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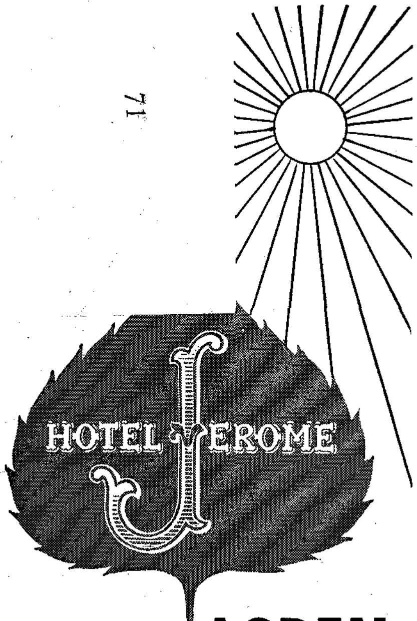

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do for himself is to fix in impressive and enduring form a pose meant for other people.

According to the moral system worked out by Sartre in a period of political crisis that called for decision and action, Baudelaire is stagnant and sterile. Of his dignity as a moralist of art—in self-discipline and pride of métier—the Existentialist has little to say. For Sartre, the cult of art that Baudelaire shared with Flaubert is somehow, it would appear, a shirking of responsibility. Flaubert, as Sartre reminds us, always felt that he could stretch out his hand to Virgil and Cervantes and Rabelais and claim them as comrades in his lonely cult; Baudelaire prayed to Poe. But this kind of communion of saints is, for Sartre, in the nature of an effort to establish solidarity with a graveyard—and a graveyard of parasites, since all these great men of the past were parasites on some aristocracy, some church, or some imperial system. By invoking them, associating himself with them, the modern artist, like Flaubert or Baudelaire, who rejects the patronage of the bourgeoisie, becomes—though rather vicariously?—a parasite of a different kind, the creature of "an ecclesiastical aristocracy." We may here, without arguing this point, take leave of the excellent Sartre.

Gilbert Highet, the author of "The Classical Tradition," has written a book called "The Art of Teaching" (Knopf). Mr. Highet, born in Scotland, a graduate of Oxford, and now a professor of classics at Columbia, has been teaching for twenty years. He says that he has "several times tried to find a book which would help me to learn more about what I was doing," and that at last, "having failed to find any," he decided to write one himself. "The Art of Teaching" addresses itself to a somewhat more specialized audience than "The Classical Tradition" did, but it is vigorous, lively, and eloquent in the same remarkable way. If you start it, you do not stop reading it. Mr. Highet radiates enthusiasm and intellectual light. His book is both a manual of teaching that dispenses sound practical advice and a portrait of the ideal teacher that stimulates, that almost intoxicates. The first section presents this ideal, and Mr. Highet's intention is to show how teachers may improve their work. This section ought to be found inspiring by anyone in the academic profession with a mind above routine, but one cannot help thinking of the thousands of teachers who have their existence on a level so low that they cannot even imagine Mr. Highet's empyrean. Mr. Highet a little begs the question when he remarks, at one point in his exhortation, "The good teacher is an interesting man or woman." No amount of exhortation will make a man or woman that.

The second section of "The Art of Teaching" deals with "the teacher's methods," and contains most of the discussion of strictly professional problems: how to avoid boring your class in lectures and how to make them remember the important points; how to achieve a maximum of fairness in marking examination papers; how to side-step disagreeable incidents with paranoiac students, how to stand up to refractory ones, and how to lead brilliant students to develop their best capabilities. The third section, less professional, gives a panorama of great teachers from Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, through the medieval schoolmen and the Jesuit fathers, to Agassiz, Osler, and William James. The brief coda, "Teaching in Everyday Life," is a generalizing sermon that by the ordinary life-scarred reader may perhaps be found a little too much permeated with an innocent sweetness and light. But it cannot do any harm, and Mr. Highet is also a hardheaded Scot who understands the ignominies and difficulties, if not always the complexities, of life. His book should be popular and useful with students and teachers both. He combines the true teacher's vocation with exceptional gifts of a kind that has kept him quite free from the cramping effects of academic specialization.

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Moulded in Earth, by Richard Vaughan (Dutton). The love story of a young Welsh farmer named Edwin Peele and his sweetheart, Grett. Family differences keep the two apart for a while, and even though they marry and are perfectly happy, Mr. Vaughan manages a bittersweet and quite anticlimactic ending, with two sudden deaths in the last few pages. The writing soars a little too high too often, and the story, a simple one, could have been told with more effect in half the space.

The Scarlet Sword, by H. E. Bates (Atlantic-Little, Brown). The story of a group of people trapped in a Catholic mission in Kashmir during the partition riots of 1947. Before the rioting is over, these people—

nuns, priests, English men and women, and native refugees—have suffered rape, torture, and other terrors, and some of them have been murdered. Mr. Bates writes in a disjointed, thoroughly detached way that makes this story read like a bad dream, in which everyone is afraid and a lot of blood is spilled, but he leaves us unaffected in the long run, because his people are shadowy, and the blood, only make-believe, will disappear as soon as we wake up.

THE BALANCE WHEEL, by Taylor Caldwell (Scribner). One cannot help but admire the perseverance that allows Miss Caldwell to assemble so many words, page after page, chapter after chapter, but it is difficult not to be taken aback by her total lack of grace, of spirit, and of humor. The thought occurs, and recurs, that she simply has no talent for writing. The persons most often mentioned in this book are four German-American brothers—Charles, Wilhelm, Friederich, and Jochen Wittmann—who own a tool factory.

GENERAL

THE SOVIET IMAGE OF THE UNITED STATES, by Frederick C. Barghoorn (Harcourt, Brace). The author, a Yale professor, labels this book a "study in distortion." In it he tries to show Americans the picture of their country and their way of living that the Kremlin propagandists are presenting to the Russian people and to anybody else who will pay attention. Professor Barghoorn, who was in Russia for the State Department for four years during the war and who reads and speaks Russian, has had access only to material that is available to any determined student of the subject, but he has organized and presented it with exceptional skill and persuasiveness. It is the techniques of misinforming the Russian people and the details of the misinformation that are arresting and disquieting. The general outline of the Soviet image of us is familiar to all newspaper readers—we are rapacious, materialistic (a sin to the dialectical materialists, apparently), vulgar, without culture or humanity, and the prey of a small but all-powerful ruling class that is hell-bent on profits and world conquest. The intent behind this propaganda is obvious; it is also obvious that the Kremlin must have a bottomless contempt for the intelligence of its masses, for there is no attempt to

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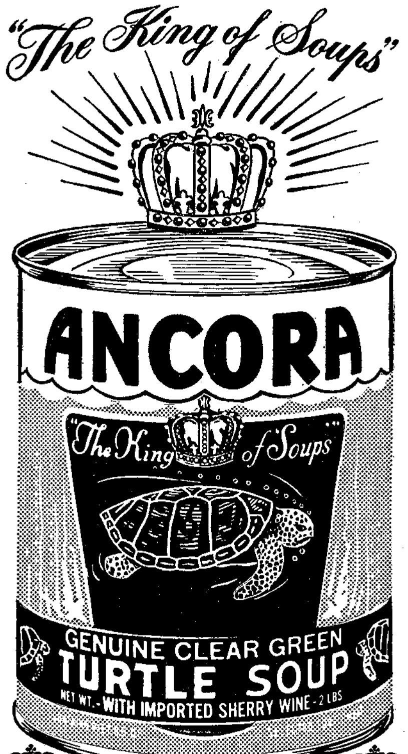

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make the story consistent or believable. Professor Barghoorn pleads for strong counter-propaganda along the lines of President Truman's "campaign of truth," part of which would be to show the Russians and their admirers that the Soviet portrait of the United States is in some ways an accurate self-portrait of the Workers' Paradise.

THE WHITE CONTINENT, by Thomas R. Henry (Sloane). A factual but often poetically written book on Antarctica by a science journalist who went down there with the 1946-47 Navy expedition, under Admirals Byrd and Cruzen. The author describes what a hundred million years of winter have done to a once tropical land, now lying under a mile-thick layer of ice; retells the meagre history of Antarctic exploration; and speculates—or gives résumés of scientific speculation—on what minerals and other treasures may lie under that layer and what one might find in the trackless interior of the dead continent. He also outlines a scheme that Admiral Byrd has long been mulling over, which is to establish on that continent, where the mean temperature is ten degrees below zero and where there are no bacteria, a gigantic deep freeze for the food surpluses of the Southern Hemisphere, to be kept under world trusteeship as a hedge against crop failures.

PIERRE VERGNIAUD, by Claude G. Bowers (Macmillan). A biography, the first in English, of one of the greatest of the leaders of the French Revolution and its most magnetic orator. Vergniaud, whom the author compares to Thomas Jefferson in the matter of ideals and democratic convictions, presided at the trial of Louis XVI, but he was a moderate, and a leader of the Girondists in the losing struggle to keep Robespierre and the extremist Jacobin Party from seizing absolute power. He warned that the Revolution, like Saturn, would end by devouring its children, and part of his prophecy came true when he died on the guillotine. This book is perhaps the richest and most satisfying of all Mr. Bowers' historical works—the product of an enormous amount of research, and a true tragedy, in the Aristotelian sense. Many illustrations.

THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN NEW YORK, by Chiang Yee (John Day). A mildly quizzical survey of this city by a Chinese author and artist whose description of himself in the title is intended to convey his delight at his retirement from civil service in China, apparently an overconversational profession. Some of the verbosity that Mr. Chiang once frowned on has, however, crept into this record of a six-month stay in New York—the natural outcome, perhaps, of his fondness for philosophizing, in Oriental fashion, over the details of each round of exploration. His more direct reports—on a tour of Chinatown, which he found inexplicable, and on an evening in Times Square, which enchanted him—are eminently successful, as are the sketches he made in pen-and-ink and in color, using an admirably suitable Chinese technique. Preface by Van Wyck Brooks.

THE CITY OF TWO GATEWAYS, by Savitri Devi Nanda (Macmillan). A commentary, cast in autobiographical form, on the difficulties of absorbing, more or less simultaneously, the ancient and the up-to-date aspects of Indian life. The author, a Hindu woman now practicing medicine in London, was sent by her father, who had advanced educational ideas, to an Indian boarding school in Lahore when she was not quite five. Her account of the years she spent in that school and others, and in college, alternates with descriptions of traditional family life in the Punjab—markedly disparate and requiring an adjustment it took her a long while to make, even with the aid of a thorough indoctrination in Hindu philosophy. Paradoxically, the author's most effective writing has to do with the ancient customs prevailing on the family estates, rather than with her schooling, which was, on the whole, a singularly bleak and heart-rending process.

THE YELLOW BOOK, compiled by Norman Denny (Viking). A collection of prose, poetry, and pictures that succeeds estimably in carrying out its editor's intention of giving a "fair summary" of the over-all contents of the *Yellow Book*, rather than merely presenting the "plums" from that short-lived quarterly, which proved so lacerating to the sensibilities of conservative Late Victorian readers. This anthology, whose format resembles that of the original magazine, leads off with what can certainly be termed a plum—Henry James' "Death of the Lion." Other items in this category are Max Beerbohm's "A Defence of Cosmetics," which touched off quite an explosion

What's your score on these questions about JAMES JOYCE

considered by many to be the most influential writer of our time

Question 1: When was Joyce's "Ulysses" made legally available to the reading public in this country?

Question 2: What one single passage in "Finnegans Wake" took Joyce 1600 working hours to write?

Question 3: How did Joyce capitalize on his early psychic and intellectual struggles over religion, sex, and art?

Question 4: Which of all his stories was Joyce's favorite?

Question 5: How did Joyce express his deep feeling about his wife's unwavering loyalty?

Question 6: What one (and only one) volume contains *all* these Joyce writings complete: "The Dubliners," "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," "Exiles," "Collected Poems;" and selected passages from "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake?"

Answer 1: Not until 1933, eleven years after it was first published in Paris. (Judge John M. Woolsey ruled "Ulysses" not obscene.)

Answer 2: The famous and oft-quoted "Anna Livia Plurabelle" incident.

Answer 3: By writing his brilliant autobiographical novel, "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

Answer 4: "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," from "The Dubliners," a collection of Joyce stories.

Answer 5: By writing "The Exiles," a powerful 3-act play, and his only play.

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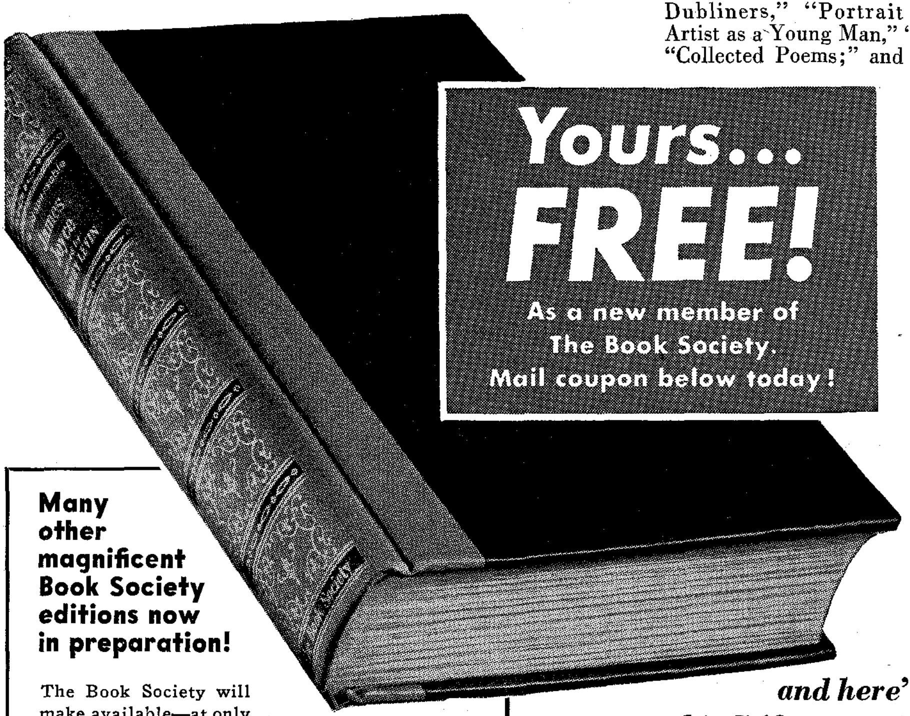

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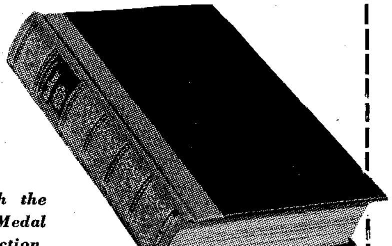

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at the time of its appearance; George Gissing's short story "The Foolish Virgin;" and several drawings by Aubrey Beardsley. Rounding out the collection are a number of period pieces by lesser-known contributors—poets of the dear-cold-hands school, whimsical essayists, and short-story writers whose offerings are notable chiefly for a high moral tone, artfully concealed. An excellent anthology, both for nostalgic readers and for younger, uninstructed ones, who will undoubtedly marvel at the literary shockability of their forebears.

THE PLANT DOCTOR, by Cynthia Westcott (Lippincott). The third edition of a practical and popular garden manual that has been out of print for a number of years. Cast as a calendar of chores from February through November, it deals helpfully and realistically with the prevention or cure of horticultural ailments common to the New York City region.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A GENTLE MURDERER, by Dorothy Salisbury Davis (Scribner). The circumstances that led Timothy Brandon to kill Dolly Gebhardt are buried deep in his past—a drunken father, an abnormally possessive mother, a sense of guilt that has ridden him remorselessly for thirty-four years—and they might easily have driven him to murder again if a parish priest hadn't felt obliged to trace his strange, and yet quite convincing, case history. Mrs. Davis not only has written one of the most exciting suspense novels to come along in some time but has shown herself to be capable of really serious and even distinguished fiction. Highly recommended for those who ask for a little more than half a dozen equally likely suspects and such clues as the fingerprint unaccountably missing from the window sill in the master's bedroom.

NO TEARS FOR HILDA, by Andrew Garve (Harper). This is another specimen of a patient and intelligent man's attempt to explain a murder by assembling and analyzing a series of events that happened far back in the past, and all in all it is an interesting and successful one. The investigator is an English veteran of the war in Germany who comes back home to learn that his best friend, George Lambert, has been accused of killing his wife, Hilda Lambert, who was a dull woman but on the surface no worse than that. The gradual revelation that the victim was an unnatural parent, a species of emotional blackmailer, and, altogether, the possessor of practically every complex known to Dr. Freud is the basis of Mr. Garve's story, and he tells it very skillfully right up to the final chapters, when things happen a little too rapidly and improbably for even the mystery writer's fairly casual art. There are also a couple of romances around the premises, and, as everybody knows, the judicious introduction of these matters never in the world hurt an author.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Letter received by a man on Sutton Place South*]

A. PINKAY C.
MULTIMILLONAIRES'S
TOURIST ORGANIZATION

SAN CRISTOBAL (Venezuela)
DECEMBER, 1950

DEAR SIR OR LADY:

This is a request of a man and many peoples to the kind heart of north-american gentlemen and ladies. I believe that do you not never forget the future neccesity by the pace and harmony of human existence, and for it, I am addressing to you.

This is anti-comunist organization fighting for the Democratic Liberty of those peoples and is auspiced by Multimillonaires of your great Country.

I do not doubt that you wish to add your small or large CHRISTMAS GIFT to the of other many gentlemen and ladies, and to shape a private enterprise that will divulge the kind of United States noble peoples, the estimate received from your white hand and the action of a big life of the highest Country of the world in order to reach our toil and to organize: school, broadcast, news-papers. social service within the places where our Tourist Line will be established, or being: CARACAS, BOGOTA, QUITO and LIMA.

Do you not can defraud the feeling of our soul, the confidence on you, your human ideals and your good will.

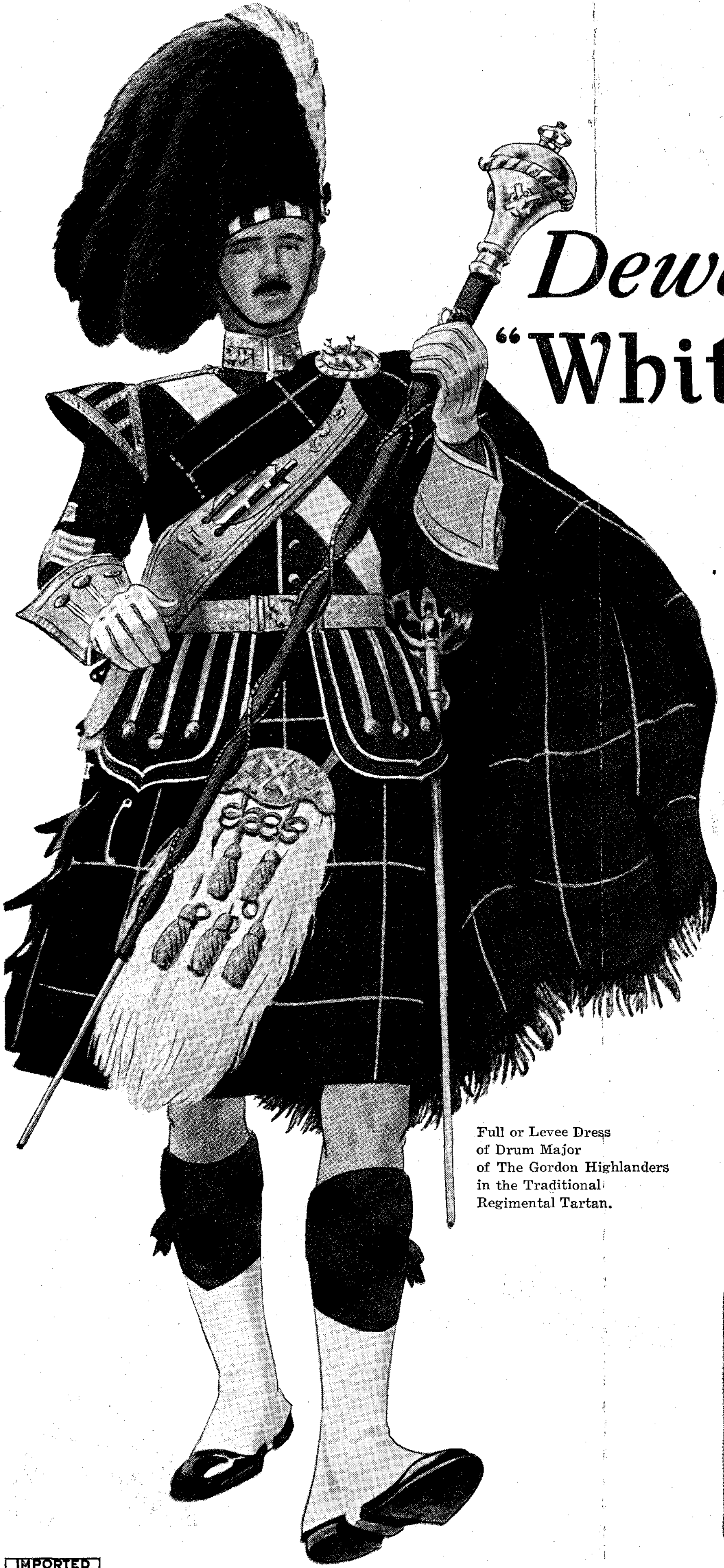
I have received how ordinary GIFT U$S. 10.00 (Ten dollars) until a used automobile remitted from US. to the consignation of Mr. José Antonio Hernández on Maracaibo Port (Venezuela), and the original invaice to my address.

In annex wilh your repply please send me a synthesis of your activities, the name of your factories and mark of your manufacturings, and with the time you will have that your CHRISTMAS GIFT of to-day will make in the future your commercial propaganda, along FOUR CONTRIES.

References: AMERICAN FOREIGN CREDIT UNDERWRITERS 170 Broadway; and COMMERCER AND INDUSTRY ASSOCIATION OF NEW YOR 233 Broadway; New York 7 - N. Y.

Hopping to hear from you soon.

Very truly your
[Signature indecipherable]



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